MODERN

FLEMISH

of the 16th Century

GREEK

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GREEK

1082

TRAVELLING ANECDOTES THROUGH VARIOUS PARTS OF EUROPE.

——————— hæc ego ludo,
Quæ nec in Ædе ſonent certantia judice Tarpâ.
HOR.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

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TRAVELLING

TRAVELLING ANECDOTES

THROUGH

VARIOUS PARTS OF EUROPE.

WHEN an Engliſhman ſets out to make his tour on the Continent, he cloſets himſelf up in his poſt-chaiſe, and ſleeps to Dover; nay, it frequently happens—I have ſeen it myſelf,—that he ſlumbers his paſſage over in the ſame vehicle. When he arrives at Calais, the firſt thing he enquires for, is Burgundy from Mr. Deſſein, and horſes for St. Omer's. If it is the firſt time of his *trajet*, he laughs at the *bidets* and poſtilions, and talks bad French with the maſter of the houſe: if the ſecond, he ſhuts himſelf up in une voiture Angloiſe bien etoffée, and is dying of the

hyp till his arrival at Paris, unleſs he meets with a countryman at the Hôtel de Bourbon at Liſle, and fancies the Burgundy excellent.—I ſpeak of the generality of travellers; who, by their fortune purchaſe eaſe at the expence of information and amuſement.—Why do I ſay amuſement, when perhaps their lethargic diſpoſitions afford them much more ſatisfaction than my converſation with the Carmelite Nuns *?—Sleep on then, my torpid countrymen!—lounge with eaſe in your voluptuous lined chaiſes.—I will mount the *diligence*, and ſtudy the ſpirit of the nation I travel through.—'Tis true, it has no ſuch eaſy ſprings, as thoſe you ſwing upon—it jolts confoundedly: but, what of that? ſurely my ——— can bear it as well as the ——— of the Carmelite Nuns before me.

Thank

* Carmelite Nuns are ſeldom permitted to travel in Catholic countries; but when they be of a certain age the rigour of their order is, on particular occaſions diſpenſed with.

Thank Heavens! we have got off the confounded rattling *pavé*; and I can indulge my feelings with the converſation of two immaculate ſaints.—The Coachman ſays we ſhall have a ſandy ſmooth road all the way to Lilliers.

A ça, mes ſaintes Sœurs, toutes les beautés & délices de ſe monde annoncent la bonté du Créateur. — Tu conviens; and how is it poſſible *you* can offer up an adoration equivalent to the good things He has annexed to our exiſtence?—Can *your* hearts beat with ſuch fervent zeal for his love, as mine does? What are the emanations of earthly bliſs to you in this world?—Ecoutés, mes Sœurs: your hearts, I ſay, cannot be ſenſible of ſuch extacy. Now, under favour of your years, you may view the beauties of his creation, when the heart has loſt its genial warmth, its glow of youth, to put forth ejaculations in

his praiſe.—You can now be entruſted in a *diligence*, and in the company of a hare brained Engliſhman. —— Ah, mes dames! your religious cuſtoms are ſtrange. I think they are not ſo *épurés* as you would wiſh us to believe.

Ah! ah! ah! quel drôle de raiſonneur!—Monſieur il parle du cœur—repondés donc la Briole — And La Briole would have anſwered, but ſhe ſighed.

La Fauvette ſtole her veil aſide to look at me—La Briole looked on the ground. —Eh bien mes Dames! eſt-il vrai que vos cœurs n'ont jamais parlé?—La Briole gave a half-checked ſigh, and I repented of my indelicate queſtion.

You believe then, ſays La Fauvette, we have no virtue? — I believe you have patience to ſuffer a great deal. — I was once young, and I thought myſelf pretty,

conti-

continued ſhe.—Then you made a great ſacrifice to the rigid forms of your Convent.(—La Fauvette had the outline of ſomething to admire—) But, ſays ſhe, the ſacrifice has procured me happineſs immeaſurable — Which, I ſuppoſe, could not have been attained, if you had beſtowed your prettineſs to a better uſe?—To a better uſe? that could never be, ſaid La Fauvette.—Then I preſume I may conclude from your argument, that God gave you charms, and you have ſuffered thoſe charms to decay, for no other purpoſe but to prove your virtue in ſhunning the very end of your creation?—I was created to adore le bon Dieu & la ſainte Vierge.—If all women were to dedicate their lives to no other purpoſe than ſuch a godly one as yours, ma ſainte Sœur, God muſt find ſome other methods of creating Virgins to ſupply the holy Carmelite order.

Monſieur n'eſt pas fait pour être François. Ah fidonc! — Monſieur eſt Anglois.

As tu ma bonne Sœur jamais oui parler un ſi grand pêcheur? La bonne Sœur ſhook her head, and croſſed herſelf.

The *pavé* tells us we are at Lilliers; and now, mes ſaintes Sœurs, if you do not refuſe to touch the hand of un Anglois Heretique; a hand that has never been before extended for the ſervice of ſuch purity, I now preſent it for your aid—The door of the *diligence* is high. —I would not fall for a kingdom, cried La Fauvette—Not for the kingdom of Heaven? — Though there was no great wit in my repartee, yet I found it had engaged La Fauvette to look on me, and, if I was not miſtaken, to think of me with a certain *douceur* of opinion.

Before

Before ſhe let go my hand, ſhe ſqueezed it — at leaſt I thought ſo — perhaps ſhe was afraid of falling.

Oh! c'eſt jour maigre, ſays La Fauvette—But I have no eggs in the houſe, nor milk; nor have I any fiſh: there are ſome creſſes, and ſome other kind of *légumes*, in the garden, ſays the Hoſteſs. Then we ſhall have a poor ſupper, replied La Briole. There was a fourth perſon in company, a good-natured German, whoſe features partook of the inverted curve⁀, when the Hoſteſs of Lilliers proclaimed the dearth of fiſh, eggs, and milk. He muttered ſomething in German, and in a French *patois*, importing, that, if there was nothing better of the *maigre*, in ſpite of his religion, and at the hazard of his proſpects in the next world, he would make a hearty meal on the *gras*, if ſhe had any thing good in the houſe of the

kind. The Hoſteſs whiſpered the German, and ſaid he had no need to hazard his ſoul, when the caſe was not ſo deſperate; for ſhe had plenty of eggs, &c. and could provide Monſieur with as good a made *omlet* as the firſt Pariſian Cook could; but that ſhe was afraid to mention it before the mendicant Siſters, who, like the reſt of their order, always filled their bellies at her houſe pour l'amour de Dieu, and never paid her a *ſous* in this world for ſatisfying their hunger, which was generally more craving than the moſt famiſhed of her gueſts.

I overheard the diſcourſe, and was reſolved that the Carmelite Siſters ſhould have as good a ſupper as the German, who was ſhown into a room apart.

On

On va prendre la ſoupe, ſays a little pretty faced, ſmiling *craſſeuſe* — The Carmelite Nuns looked at each other— Je m'en vais conduire, Monſieur, rejoins the greaſy Kitchen Wench.

I abruptly left the Carmelites, and found the German taking his firſt ſlice of an *omlet*—I returned to the Nuns, and made them ſit down at the table—I helped them to the remainder of the *omlet*— The German looked at the plate, and ordered another to be dreſſed—The *craſſeuſe* ſoon entered the room, and ſaid, the laſt egg was ſent to a company, which arrived a few minutes before the *diligence*. The German looked ſulky all the while we were at ſupper.

Dieu ſoit benie, ſaid la Fauvette—I have made a hearty meal, replied Briole;

ole; for which I am much indebted to *Monſieur*—Good God! thought I, I wiſh it was in my power to preſide over the œconomy of your table. Behold that German, who can ſate himſelf, gorged with every dainty, to pamper his appetite; and theſe objects, even for a cynic's veneration, muſt be ſubject to the baſe contumely of the publick, for a ſcanty pittance, to prove their deſerts for a future paradiſe—A curſed noiſe in the houſe has broken the chain of my *reverie*.

Marachon—Quenille—Quenille—Marachon—Marachon—Marachon—Roſetta—Roſetta—Ah, la voila!

Oui mi Lor, votre Excellence—oui mi Lor—oui votre Excellence—votre Excellence, mi Lor—Roſetta, Quenille—vite a la porte—come la foudre Marachon—Des poulets—canards—lievres—fricaſés—frican-

—fricandeaux—ragouts a la reine—rotée —bouillée—tartalets—deſert — Oh bien ſervie!—c'eſt bon mi Lor votre Excellence — bourgone — champaigne—excellent—oui mi Lor—ſi bon qu'a Paris—Marachon—Marachon—Marachon.

I care not for un mi Lor Anglois—Have you no other rooms unoccupied in the houſe—The Hoſteſs ſhook her head —Ah! c'eſt un grand mi Lor Anglois—The Carmelite Siſters roſe meekly to leave the room—Aſſiés vous mes ſaintes Sœurs, nous ne bougerons pas. Mi Lor Anglois is welcome to take part of our room. But we will not be turned out of your houſe on his account — But Monſieur muſt give up the room—The fat Hoſteſs aſſumed an important air—ſhe grew inſolent—The Nuns told their beads, and looked at each other—I was in a rage—inſolent huſſey, I will go to the ſerjeant de police — no, I will ſay, de par le roy

roy to the Hoſteſs—de par le Roy Madame je n'en ſortirai pas—She changed her tone, added, Monſieur, and left the room, muttering

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From Paris? — The Tuilleries — Pont Neuf—Cabinet du Roy—Louvre—Verſailles — The bronſe of Louis XIV.—Baſtile—Was your curioſity ſhut up there, my Lord—I beg your pardon; you ſaid, you have ſeen all that is to be ſeen.

I came through Bruxelles—the Prince has Huſſars for his Guard—The germin between the rabit and hen—it is a ſingular copulation—Mr. Varelſt has a good cabinet of painting—Liſle is a ſtrong town—I hope I ſhall not have my clothes ſeized at Dover—But you have not met with Carmelite Nuns in your tour, my Lord.

The

The STORY of POUSSINE.

C'EST bien vrai pourtant, cried la Briole; et c'eſt une choſe bien facheuſe quand le cœur parle a une jeune fille ſurtout religieuſe.

Oui quand le Cœur parle, ſaid la Fauvette, gently breathing a ſigh—prettés l'orielle—the ſtory is as true as holy writ — pauvre Pouſſine — Commencés la Briole.

I am quite of your opinion la Briole; no girl ſhall take the veil, before ſhe has well weighed how her affections are placed in this world—indeed, ſhe ſhould never take it, on any account, if I could help it. But good Catholicks think different from Monſieur l'Anglois, replied la Briole—however,

however, I muſt not forget my ſtory, ſaid the Nun; it will prove what a peché mortelle young people commit, when they enter on a religious life—avant que leurs cœurs ont parlés — which, you know, there is no accounting for.

But, when a girl is too young, to know what ſhe ſhould, and ſhould not, eſt tres penible d'endecider, what crime ſhe commits, anſwered La Fauvette.

What a cordial ſenſation I felt, the inſtant ſhe made this comment: I am confident, the genii of myſelf, and the Nun, were at that inſtant, according each jarring impulſe in our ſouls; for the very inſtant, ſhe repeated, *d'endecider*, O God! my ſoul was hers—Was it love?—Mercy defend me! ſhe was ſixty years old—I could have went to heaven with La Fauvette; but into no other paradiſe I aſſure you.

Plague

Plague on this ſervant, what does he want?—"The carriage cannot be mend-"ed, to night, my Lord; and it is im-"poſſible to go another poſt with the "old axle-tree."

Notwithſtanding your curſes, thought I, your Lordſhip muſt be contented to ſleep at Lilliers to night—He ſaid he would go poſt to St. Omer's; bounced about the room, and alarmed the gentle ſpirits of the Carmelite Siſters; who, while his Lordſhip was inveighing, with moſt unchriſtian-like emphaſis, againſt his axle-tree, were glancing their eyes to heaven.

I told his Lordſhip, that the two Carmelites were waiting at this place for a young lady, whom they were to take the next day to their convent; and ſeeing his difficulty, he had much better ſtay, and from matters of mere ſpeculation, be of our party---I knew perfectly well,

well, that his deciſion would depend on caprice; therefore I urged nothing farther —perſuaſion and oratory, I concluded would have no weight, unleſs whim entered the conteſt in my behalf.

However, ſays he, though old women are the devils, I think remaining here, will be full as well, as riding poſt all night; and I ſhould ſtill be obliged to wait till my carriage arrived — Thus, from the moſt impetuous torrent of diſtreſs, for the broken axle-tree, he quietly drew a chair to the fire—rang for Burgundy; and, with a peaceful, reconciled ſmile, told the Carmelites he would be of their company.

I was now trembling for the ſtory of *Pouſſine*—I was apprehenſive, leſt the clamours of my illuſtrious countryman, had untuned the communicative temper of the two ſaints—but, at my intreaty, La Briole thus began.

The

The STORY of POUSSINE,

WITHOUT INTERRUPTION.

LA petite ſœur Pouſſine was ſent to our convent at the age of ſixteen, by her father the Marquis de R——; who was well known at Paris for having run out a magnificent fortune, by launching into every ſplendid exceſs and pleaſure of the capital, and was eſteemed afterwards for his retiring to a ſmall *térre*; where he now lives in a ſtate of domeſtic œconomy, to ſave the name of his houſe from falling into oblivion.

I do not mean to heighten the charms of Pouſſine to make my ſtory more inte-

reſting; ſhe was really beautiful in her perſon, and poſſeſſed of the moſt ſoft enchanting manners.

The elegant taſte of the Marquis had beſtowed on her the moſt ſuperior accompliſhments; and the advantage of mixing in a continual round of the great world—indulgence in every pleaſure, and in every expence, which could refine the manners to the moſt delicate point of perfection, diſtinguiſhed her among the firſt nobility of Paris.—A peculiar idea ſtruck the Marquis in his adverſity, which determined him to ſeclude this favorite child from the world—Ah, ma bonne Sœur! exclaimed the attentive Siſter, la charmante Pouſſine was too lovely to be entruſted to the world—mais je vous interrompe—Enfin, continued la Briole, among the firſt of her accompliſhments was ſinging—her voice was incredibly fine; which, from the moſt early period

of

of her life, had been improved by the beſt maſters — the convent called her their St. Cæcilia, and you may eaſily judge we all cheriſhed her en plein cœur. But as Madame l'Abeſſe had more power than the ſiſterhood, ſo her love was more manifeſted to Pouſſine — ſhe was conſtantly in her company, and careſſed on all occaſions.

One day, the holy mother, in the preſence of the ſiſterhood, aſked Pouſſine to ſing—a louring penſive ſpirit had poſſeſſed her ſoul—in vain were all intreaties—her melancholy had deſtroyed her voice—The abbeſs was alarmed at the alteration which ſhe perceived in the lovely ſiſter, and by frequent interrogations endeavoured to get the ſecret from her — Here la Briole ſtifled a ſigh, and preſently afterwards la Fauvette exclaimed, la pauvre innocente! Whatever ſagacious prudence could invent, or the

penetrating artifice of the abbeſs put in force, to find out the cauſe of the myſterious thoughtfulneſs of this charming nun, was uſeleſs.

An inward ſorrow preyed on the ſoul of Pouſſine, — ſhe pined and ſickened every day—the whole convent was inconſolable—all the ſiſters ſought relief in their prayers and tears, except the holy mother, who was determined to know the cauſe of her diſtreſs—ſhe could have had no regret at taking the veil, ſhe thought; for, it was now the ſecond year ſince ſhe had been initiated, and ſeemed perfectly reconciled to her fate—What then can have worked this change in her! exclaimed the irraſcible mother; no ſoothing requeſt—no kind indulgence, could win the lingering nun to unburthen her mind. The abbeſs thought now of nothing but rigour; for ſhe had made a ſacred vow to the patroneſs of the

the cloyſter, to force her to diſcloſe the myſtery ſhe concealed, by diſcipline. Alas! continued la Briole, what reſolute impulſe could have worked in her mind the indignation ſhe was fraught with?

But, heaven, as it is always watchful over the meek-hearted, perhaps made the holy mother its inſtrument, to chaſtiſe the wayward and culpable heart of this maid—La Briole ſtole a glance upward—an unaffected glance—an angel's glance—it was contrived in ſo placid a manner—ſo thinkingly unperceived.

Why, O nun, thought I, doſt thou take ſuch pains to paint thy ſtory ſo pathetically? Thy heart, Briole, perhaps, when young, has been tempered with an alloy, moſt ſurely ſimilar to that of pauvre Pouſſine's.

La Briole continued—at laſt the abbeſs convened the ſiſterhood, and ſpoke to us in the following manner—"My holy "ſiſters, much it grieves me to relate, that "in a dream, I have been told by the pa- "troneſs of our convent, that our ſiſter "Pouſſine is viſited with an unclean ſpi- "rit—a devil is rioting in her fleſh, to "work her perdition, and nothing can "reſtore her to her primitive purity, but "the rigour I am going to inflict on her." —Sad and ſorrowful was this news—in vain we invoked the Virgin Mary—in vain we intreated the abbeſs to ſuſpend her rigour.

Slow and penſive the wretched Pouſ- ſine was led to the abbeſs—The abbeſs repeated her intreaties to know the cauſe of her grief—Still ſhe ſighed, and ſtill was ſilent.---The Lay Siſter, by the commands of the Abbeſs, ſhewed the inſtruments of torture that were to be exerciſed upon her,

her, unleſs ſhe confeſſed---again the holy mother exhorted---all proved ineffectual ---and now, by her commands, ſhe was conducted into a ſmall room; where the lay ſiſter tied the hands of this poor culprit on the bench of diſcipline, to receive ſtripes upon ſtripes on her tender fleſh *.

The extreme puniſhment had no effect, for ſhe was ſtill ſilent on the cauſe of her grief---Her horrid cries drew the ſupplicating ſiſterhood to the door---it was burſt open; we could not ſupport the extreme anguiſh our much-loved ſiſter indured---we forced the abbeſs to

† I could not avoid feeling a ſecret deſire of interrupting the nun juſt at this paſſage, by giving her the hiſtory of Brantome's: "Grande Dame de par le monde, qui faiſſoit dèpouiller "ſes Dames & filles, je dis les plus belles, & ſe dèlectoit fort "à les voir, & puis elle les battoit du plat de la main ſur les "feſſes, avec de grandes elacquades & blamuſes aſſez rudes; "& les filles qui avoient dèlinqué en quelque choſe, avec de "bonnes vèrges."

give over her puniſhment---but, alas! how did it conclude---nothing could mitigate the ſtern reſolution ſhe had taken; for now ſhe was convinced the unclean ſpirit had entire ſway over her mind; or, ſhe never could have endured the ſevere puniſhment, without confeſſing the cauſe of her ſorrow.

To make my narrative ſhort---the holy mother confined her in a dark and gloomy cell, and threatened to prolong her ſentence till ſhe overcame her ſtubborn unrelenting temper.

La Briole had finiſhed ſo far, when the drowſy German roſe to call a ſervant to light him to bed.

Preſently the fat hoſteſs entered the room, to inform us ſhe had but two beds unoccupied; that the company which arrived after us ſtaid all night.

My

My Lor votre Excellence can have one to himſelf; and Monſieur, and Monſieur, perhaps, might have no objection to ſleep together. Indeed, but I have Madame *l'Hoteſſe*—male bed fellows in your country are, perhaps, not ſo unaccommodating as in ours—but, where are the ſaintes Sœurs to ſleep, I replied?—Ou le bon Dieu plait, anſwered the hoſteſs—but they ſhall ſleep in your houſe Madame; c'eſt impoſſible.—If you can partake of a traveller's bed, replied his lordſhip, I have an eaſy ſeat in my carriage, where I frequently prefer ſleeping to the generality of beds I meet with on the road. —This removed our embarraſſment—the hoſteſs was deſired to prepare one of the beds for the Carmelites, and the other for the German—The nuns roſe to apologiſe, and return thanks—the hoſteſs caſt a look of contempt at both of them.—I ordered her to leave the room—the German left us to dream away his ſtupidity.

The

The STORY of POUSSINE WAS CONTINUED.

THE cell in which the unfortunate nun was confined, ſtood in the remoteſt part of the convent, where none of us had acceſs but the abbeſs and the lay ſiſter — Alas! many a day, and wretched night, did ſhe paſs, without a ſympathizing ſiſter to take part in her ſorrow.—Often times did ſhe receive unnumbered ſtripes; yet, ſtill her ſoul was reſolutely bent on concealing the cauſe of her ſorrow. Diſcipline and faſting, a gloomy cell, and melancholy, would have been the endleſs doom of Pouſſine, had not the prayers of the ſiſterhood been heard.

Dieu

Dieu, cried la Briole, je m'en vais m'e garer—I ſaid her delivery was worked through the prayers of the ſiſterhood—how the human heart is ſubject to wander from the ſtrict ties of pure devotion —Ah, ciel! 'tis ſtrange, we ſhould be ſometimes led to ſympathiſe with thoſe whom le bon Dieu has forſaken.—But I muſt tell my ſtory tout droit.

Eh! quelle beſogne! cried la Fauvette, you only ſpeak truth, achevés Monſieur is no catholick.

One morning as we were returning from maſs, for the reſtoration of our little ſeraph, the old lay-ſiſter came running, greatly aſtoniſhed, and croſſing herſelf all over, crying, that the evil ſpirit had flown away with Pouſſine—ſhe was not in the cell—Par la ſainte vierge —ſhe is vaniſhed—une miracle!

Soon

Soon the abbeſs came, and both ran crying all over the convent, a miracle! Pouſſine was not to be found, nor were there the leaſt traces left of her having eſcaped; the cell was viſited—nothing but a ſupernatural power could have delivered her—The bell rang for prayers—the chapel for three weeks was lighted with tapers, and a continual faſt held to avert the danger the convent was threatened with—for certain it was, ſaid the holy mother—that no evil ſpirit had power to ſnatch a ſiſter away, in deſpite of their great patroneſs, who muſt have heard the prayers and faſtings of the ſiſterhood—therefore ſhe now concluded ſhe had been guilty of a peché mortel, in confining and treating the unfortunate ſiſter Pouſſine with ſuch cruelty; for ſhe was certain, ſhe was now tranſlated by the ſaint Patroneſs to the manſion of ſaints. The abbeſs now thought, the only redemption left for her crime was,

to

to undergo double chaſtiſement for the infliction ſhe had beſtowed on the delivered nun; ſhe, therefore, ſhut herſelf up in the dark cell, prayed and faſted day and night, and moſt cruelly caſtigated herſelf. The whole convent thought of nothing but the horrid denunciation of revenge from their Patroneſs---eternal prayers, faſting, and diſcipline, would have been likewiſe their portion, had not her ſingular delivery been otherwiſe accounted for.

I am now going, ſays la Briole, to inform you how le Cœur de cette pauvre fille à parlé.

Robert, a young Franciſkan fryar, renowned for his great learning and uncommon auſtere piety, was frequently delegated to our convent to preach to the ſiſterhood---his figure was handſome; his diſcourſe intereſting; and his manners

ners gentle and devout. I have no need to inform you, what influence the object of a woman's affections has over her ſenſes, when it ſtrikes the heart before reaſon and religion are conſulted. Ah! grand Dieu, the unfortunate Pouſſine was in love with this young fryar: from the inſtant ſhe firſt beheld him her native tranquility fled her boſom.

Eh! quel egarement pour le genre humain quand la nature eſt plus forte que la religion, exclaimed la Fauvette, looking at me. I ſmiled at her affected ſimplicity—It had a greater effect, than the moſt keen ſarcaſm on her remark—ſhe read my ſoul by it—this was all I wanted.

Her infant ſenſes, continued la Briole, were impoſed upon by the miſtakes of her heart. She ſoon was a prey to an inward myſtery, which ſhe could not account for.—

What

What a misfortune! ſaid the Carmelite, that Pouſſine had no dear friend, who could have explained the criminal paſſion---ſhe might then have prayed to the holy virgin---and the holy virgin, ſaid the nun, fixing her eyes, in a manner, that evinced the moſt fervent devotion, would have given her power and reſolution to repel the youthful *tendreſſe*. ---Thanks, to the Virgin Mary! I rejoined, for enabling Pouſſine to keep her reſolution; I am rejoiced to find ſhe was ſo much her friend. Both nuns looked a ſmile of reproof at me---Indeed, I was reprehenſible for my libertine remark; but, I ſtruck the balance much in their favour, as I generally do, in like caſes, when my feelings cry *peccavi*.

Does Monſieur l'Anglois, ſaid la Briole, believe the holy Virgin knew, that le Cœur de cette fille à parlé---Oh! que non, the

the ſainte vierge would never have concealed it from her, if ſhe knew it. What ſimplicity! but I muſt not argue this point with la Briole, or we ſhall have no end to the ſtory of Pouſſine.

Fryar Robert hearing from our convent the wretched ſituation of Pouſſine, repaired to the lattice of the cell, which faced the convent garden. Favoured by the ſtillneſs of night, the unhallowed Fryar found means to draw her from her confinement — we ſuppoſe he had contrived ſome ſecret means before this, to know the unfortunate weakneſs of our ſiſter,—but to conclude; by the means of inſtruments, which he prepared, and by his ingenious labour, he removed a ſtone from the building: which he afterwards replaced, in ſuch a manner, that it left but ſmall traces of the plot—they now made the beſt of their way to the Hague; where they have taken the name

of

of Monſieur et Madame de———, and live reſpected (mon Dieu quelle honte) in the firſt companies.

La Briole raiſed her head, to ſee what effect the *denoüement* of her ſtory had worked in me—but ſkilled in the notat et deſignat occulis, I kept the ſame contour of features, and deceived her expectation—You ſee, Sir, ſaid la Briole, what unfortunate effects reſult from compelling innocent girls to take the veil, before their hearts have known the effects of love—I told her I thought they were fortunate effects—the nun bluſhed.

I ſhould have urged moſt preſſingly for a recital of la Briole's adventures; certain, from her manner of telling the ſtory of Pouſſine, there was a delicate tint of her own in it, had not his Lordſhip roſe to paſs the night in his coach; I was ſleepy myſelf. The heart of the

nun glowed with ſuch an expanding goodneſs, I am certain ſhe would have conſented.

The DILIGENCE continued.

EARLY in the morning I left his Lordſhip's coach, once more to mount the diligence. Paſſing from the yard to the houſe I diſcovered the fat landlady, buſy in preparing all the neceſſary apparatus for the day, to levy contributions on the neceſſitous traveller.—Ye birds of paſſage! I exclaimed, who flutter through Lilliers, for your tours of pleaſure, much welcome are you to be impoſed on by this inflated *eſcroqeuſe*.

But you who are called from home, for reaſons beſt known to yourſelves; yet, truly intereſting, and unavoidable,

O, may

O, may the œconomical genii preſide o'er your purſes! and teach you, deliberately to draw their ſilken threads, when you open them: and thou, O, Plutus! ſhouldſt thou be the tutelar deity of the neceſſitous traveller, delight not in offerings that are made promiſcuous and liberal; but, be thy preſidence, accompanied with ſcrutiny and the fair goddeſs prudence!

Enveriteé Madame l'Aubergiſte, your charges are exorbitant—Mais Mi Lor de Grace.—But his Lordſhip will not pay them—ſhe had much better have called me any thing but Mi Lor—it was calling me a fool; and to convince her I was none; I took out my pencil, valued the contents of my bill to my own liking; drew forth my purſe, and in the moſt compoſed manner, paid her the amount. —Ce n'eſt pas un tiers Mi Lor—Tant mieux pour vous Madame, the nearer

your ſoul is to Heaven, I placidly anſwered. There was ſomething ſhe ſaw determined in my manner, therefore ſhe thought it needleſs to argue the point; but, perhaps, ſhe conſoled herſelf with the idea, that his Lordſhip, whom I left in the coach, would be more generous.

Turning towards the ſtreet-door, I heard the *Voiturier* calling, allons, Meſſieurs Meſdames—allons; but no Meſſieurs or Meſdames coming at his call, he fixed his eyes on a tall perſonage, and aſked him if he was the only paſſenger.—Enfin je m'en vais vous conduire—ſo I mounted the diligence alone.

The morning was charming; the ſeaſon verging to the month of May; and pleaſing myſelf with the country as I paſſed, I inſenſibly fell into a reverie; when my thoughts turned on the young Lord,

Lord, I parted with at the little town of Lilliers; ſo, in ſpite of the variegated face of a delightful landſcape, or diſtant hills, or neighbouring vales; or, more than all, in ſpite of the diſſonant rattle of the Flanders diligence, I was thinking how he propoſed employing his time on his return from abroad. What effect will the foreign lands he has viſited have over his mind? Will the advantages of travel conſpire to render him a more accompliſhed ſenator, a better citizen, a happier man? Has he animadverted on the different forms of government he has ſeen; laws, arts, genius of the people? Suppoſe he has made this meritorious uſe of his time; has he capacity to contraſt the qualities of his own nation, with thoſe he has viſited; find out the defects of its conſtitution, by comparing the virtues of the one with the vices of the other? Endowed with this ſublime

talent, will his country improve by his application of it?

I was thus hurried on in full career of imagination, moulding my young Lord into the very paragon of travellers; when the following idea overturned all my ſyſtematical ſuppoſitions;

Where can this enlightened Peer depoſit his knowledge for the ſervice of his own ſtate? Where, like the joint-labouring bee, will he find other men, who have been equally aſſiduous, and equally intent, upon acquiring information? In ſhort, would he not be an alien to the ſupine ſtate, he meditates the good of? And, by reaſon of his ſuperior acquiſition of ſenatorial knowledge; would he not be ouſted from the refined circle of his voluptuous companions? fond of expence, pleaſure, and diſſipation.

Again,

Again, I thought; Would this patriot, ſenſible of theſe difficulties, ſtand up, undaunted, in an erroneous and profligate ſenate, and, by his virtue, ſtop the torrent of faction: confront a ſet of men, who, under colour of patriotiſm, and without ſelecting perfection from defect, unite their power to overthrow the tottering fabrick of their government; and being themſelves deſperate, endeavour to ſecrete ſome ſcattered materials from the common ruin, upon which they build their own greatneſs? Would ſimple virtue, and truth uncontroverted, calm this feveriſh ſenate? Or, would his wiſdom; would his oratory, aſſimilate the ſane maxims of one party, to the approved ſpirit of the other? Would this upright ſenator, who inclines to neither party, becauſe both are equally miſtaken, be courted for his integrity and juſt diſtinction between right and wrong? Alas! I am not ſur-

prized to find, that he rather courts every ſcene of diſſipation and folly; ſeeing the impractibility of applying his parts for the welfare of his country.

I now began to fancy what purſuits he meditated on his arrival in the vortex of the capital; ſo having traced him firſt to his admittance into a club, at one of our faſhionable alehouſes, and followed him cloſe to his ruin at our Britiſh *Hippodrome*; I was plotting ſome noble ſpecies of chicanery, practiſed by the great, as a final reſource, to ſupport the refinement of modern luxury, when the diligence ſtopped at a little village at the foot of a hill.

Adieu Roſe, ne m'obliés jamais — looking out of the diligence, I ſaw a country girl taking leave of three female friends; an old woman, and her two

two daughters, who were weeping, while Roſe was deluged in tears.

The *voiturier* ſaid he was in haſte, and opened the door of the diligence — the blubbering, tender-hearted girl, reluctantly ſtepped into it — juſt as ſhe was ſeating herſelf, the youngeſt of the two girls came to the door, and aſked if ſhe was certain, that the little *ſouvenir* ſhe gave her was ſafe in her pocket. — Oui, oui, ſaid Roſe, feeling for it. Then the mother came, and taking hold of her hand, which reſted on the pannel of the door, wetting it at the ſame time, with a few caſual drops from her aged eyes, cried, ſuivés les conſeils de ta triſte mere ma fille, and God will be another parent to you.

Now took place a ſhower of adieus, wavings of the hand, and noddings of the head, for the *voiturier* was mounting his

his box.—The quick ebullitions of ſorrow riſing in the heart of the young *païſanne*, prevented her from uttering a parting word in return; but juſt as the unfeeling fellow cried, *vâ*, *vâ*, to his horſes, and gave a loud crack with his whip, the girl put her head out of the window, and with no ſmall effort, ſtrove to ſay, Adieu, ma mere! Adieu, mes ſœurs!

Now began a tumult of ſobs: her handkerchief was as wet as if it had been dipped in a ſea of brine, with tears from her ſtreaming eyes.—Ah, ciel je part, ſhe ſaid, with the moſt heart-burſting murmur; then putting her head out of the window, to catch a final glance of her friends, which the turning of the road had by this time robbed her of, flung herſelf back on the ſeat, and yielded to the unfeigned grief of her ſoul.

Poor,

Poor, ſimple girl! thought I; in the fulleſt of thy ſorrow; in the quick ſucceſſion of the tears that trickle down thy cheeks; there is a pleaſure, which the plaintive ſoul receives in the midſt of its anxiety, that equals the moſt refined ſenſation.—Then flow thy tears, and let thy boſom continue its anguiſh; why ſhould I endeavour to reaſon thee out of it? Thou weepeſt, becauſe thou haſt parted from a mother; whoſe loſs, nature has taught thee to mourn: and the pleaſure which thou feeleſt, ſprings from the native goodneſs of thy heart, becauſe thou knoweſt all thy feelings to be genuine.

Suffering the diſconſolate *païſanne*, from a peculiar idea, which then ſtruck me, to give the full vent to her ſorrow, I was continuing my reflection, when the horſes ſtopped at a *guinguette*—Vîte un liqueur, a Monſieur Ragaud, ſays a little

little diminutive Landlord, wearing a long ſcarlet pluſh waiſtcoat, with ſleeves which reached below his knees — preſently ſkips a ſtumpy girl, with a face as round as a *Chineſe*, and hands a glaſs of *liqueur* to the *voiturier*.

While the horſes were watering, and Le Sieur Ragaud taking a little bit of proſe with the Landlord, a Swiſs boy approached the carriage with a box; out of which he pulled an animal, called a *marmote*, and putting it on his ſhoulder, ſung ſomething in a *patois*, making the animal dance at the ſame time. There was ſome drollery in the boy and his Swiſs ſong; and I found he had engaged the attention of Roſe, for ſhe pulled her tear-embrued handkerchief from her eyes, to look at him.

Ye powers, who moulded us, how wonderful are our compoſitions! how con-

A Swiss Boy.

BRITISH MUSEUM

contraſted are our feelings! this girl, who, not three ſeconds before, ſeemed involved in the deepeſt of all gloom, when the heart could not be aſſailed but by melancholy and diſtreſs, relaxed from her ſorrow, and a ſuffuſion of joy ſpread her countenance with a ſmile. — The Swiſs boy played a trick with his animal, which made her laugh; I caught the moment, and opened a channel for ſaying ſomething.

Had I ſympathiſed with her, on her parting from her friends, I ſhould have rivetted the affection of diſtreſs in her mind; but, as the ſoul was jaded with one extreme, and, as I knew how expeditiouſly it would free itſelf, to turn to the oppoſite one, I laughed with a hearty approbation of the joke.

The following verſe of the boy's ſong, I have tranſlated, as near the original as I poſ-

I poſſibly could, excepting the laſt line; which contained ſo much *patois*, I could not make it intelligible.

See, my pretty little Marmotie dance;
Oh! its a pretty Marmotie,
Better than any Swiſs boy has in France;
Quand Blanche bequille la culotie.

Avé que oui,
Avé que moi,
Avé que oui,
Marmotie.

Now looking full in the little *païſanne's* face, when ſhe took her handkerchief from her eyes, I found her as pretty as any *païſanne*, I could have wiſhed to have met with on my route: and as I began already to think myſelf a love-ſtricken Knight in ſearch of adventures, with much profound ſubmiſſion, and veneration for the honour of romance, I wound myſelf up accordingly.

Tiens

Tiens garçon, ſays the girl, here is a ſix *liard* piece for you. Pulling her Flanders purſe, with two large ſilver claſps to it, out of her pocket, ſhe diſcovered a very rich and handſome tooth-pick caſe: as I ſeldom ſuffer the moſt trifling things to ſtrike my mind, without paſſing ſome comment on them, I was determined this tooth-pick caſe ſhould be ſcrutiniſed; therefore, giving the boy two more ſix *liard* pieces, to ſing the ſong again, to increaſe her chearfulneſs; I deſired the fair Roſe would indulge me with a ſight of it.

LE CADEAU.

RECEIVING the tooth-pick caſe, I expreſſed my approbation of its neatneſs and elegance: in reality, it appeared to me, a valuable one—ſo turning it in my hand, and feigning, as if I was deſirous to know what a fellow to it could be purchaſed for: I received for anſwer, that it was a *Cadeau* — this was the very thing I wanted to learn from her.—

Un gage d'amour peut être—a bluſh mounted in her face—with that confidence, as though I had an intuitive knowledge in all that related to this tooth-pick caſe, I began, by ſaying, " That

" That too often by trifles like theſe, " the innocent and pretty maid, is lured " to her undoing; not but there may " be young women, who accept pre- " ſents from their lovers, without any " thing criminal being the conſequence: " and this, I made no doubt, was her " caſe"—Monſieur eſt trés honnête, ſhe replied.—As ſhe made me no negative reply, to the hint of the lover; I continued thus—" As you do not deny ha- " ving a lover, my pretty ſtranger; you " can judge, by your own feeling, whe- " ther my remark was juſt: at leaſt, you " muſt know, if a favorable or unfavor- " able opinion is due to the perſon who " made you that preſent."—I do not know how to expreſs the emotion which the innocent girl ſeemed to feel; but, I could plainly perceive, that other matter poſſeſſed her mind, than that, which I at firſt conceived to be the occaſion of her tears.

" How do you know, Sir, that I have " a lover," ſays the *païſanne*; which ſhe repeated with ſuch a heavenly diſcompoſure of ſo ſweet a countenance, that nature bid defiance to the defence of my heart; and the moſt pathetic impulſe of involuntary tenderneſs overcame the calm indifference of my ſoul— I am proof againſt the lures of art; but there are ſome fibres in my compoſition, in ſuch ſtrict uniſon with the emotions of genuine nature, that their vibration is irreſiſtible. — This girl, untutored by refinement, has rais'd up ſentiments in my breaſt, which you, ye much-adored and ſupremely accompliſhed beauties! could never have excited.

Your eyes, my dear—your words— your manner — every thing convinces me, you have an admirer. — Here ſhe affected a mutilated laugh. — Come, come, if you have a man who loves you, and,

and, if you love in return, I ſee no harm in it: and, I am ſure, no harm ſhall come to you from me, on that account—vous êtes un demon—how could Monſieur find out I had a lover—Heavens preſerve me! there came ſuch a look from her eyes, and ſo charming was the manner with which ſhe repeated theſe laſt words, with her head gently inclined on her right ſhoulder, that I could not; no, not if the deed had been blacker than ſin itſelf, (which, by the bye, it was not) forbear taking hold of her hand, which was juſt that inſtant reſted on her knee.

Ye, whoſe feelings take alarm at the ſituation I am found in with this maid! whom nature herſelf has adopted for her child, impute it not to a wild impulſe of paſſion, or to the heedleſs tranſports of a vicious heart; but rather accuſe that chance which has brought us

together: and rail at the animated atoms, which divine ſympathy has accorded to the wiſe and myſterious purpoſes of our exiſtence.

I am negotiating for a kiſs—it is a tribute due to ſuch ſimplicity! ſuch innocence! and Heaven ſhall be the great arbitrator of the offence — but what enchantment on a woman's lip!—How far are we from Bethune, ſays the girl—a labouring ſomething in my boſom ſuppreſs'd an anſwer—I believe, I ſaid, my dear, and that was all—Monſieur eſt reveur, indeed I am ma chere pètite — mais quoi faire c'eſt l'amour même—you are then in love too! ſaid the pretty *païſanne* — indeed I am, mon joli cœur; ſo jumping up, with the words juſt ſliding from my mouth, I impreſſed a kiſs on her lips; it was l'heur de berger, and it would never have returned had I ſuffered it to ſlip away.

You

You leave then your mother, and your ſiſters, for the firſt time in your life? But, I hope, ſoon to return to them—I am going near Liſle to be a waiting maid to a *penſionaire*, at the convent of Marquet.—Ah! ma pauvre bonne mere, quelle chagrine de la quitter: ſome tears ſtole down her face—and, are you ſorry at leaving no one elſe beſides your chere mere? Girls, ſo pretty as you, and at your age, can find other objects to ſhed tears for.

She grew thoughtful and low ſpirited, in ſpite of the many lively things I endeavour'd to ſay to her; I could not make her ſprightly—ſo I left her to indulge her melancholy, and determined to wait a return of her chearfulneſs.

After having ſettled an important diſcuſſion, which I had long revolved in

my mind, on the ſubject of the Portus Itius * of the Romans, and finally fixed it at

* It is a moſt extraordinary circumſtance, that Antiquarians are always endeavouring to ſeek for the marvellous, and the dark paſſages, in Hiſtory, to account for things, when plain truth is ſo near at hand. Cæſar, in his Commentaries, ſays, he ſet ſail from a port of the Morini, "quòd indè erat breviſſimus in Britanniam transjectus," and arrived on the coaſt of Britain; but not judging it expedient to land where he found the enemy on the clifts; which place, was undoubtedly Dover; he ſailed, to uſe his own words, "circiter millia paſſum VIII ab eo loco progreſſus, aperto ac plano littore naves conſtituit." By his own account, the diſtance of this port of the Morini, to the place where he landed, is thirty miles; therefore, adding the diſtance from Calais to Dover, and from thence to Deal, the thirty miles are aſcertained. What has Strabo and Pliny to do in this caſe? Strabo ſays, that from St. Omer's to the next ſhore of Britain is 320 ſtadia, about thirty-ſix Engliſh miles; therefore, according to ſome, the above place muſt be the Portus Itius, becauſe it was a port of the Morini. Pliny, likewiſe calls it "Britannicum Portum Morinorum." Granted; this was alſo a port of the Morini: but Cæſar again ſays, "Atque omnes ad portum Itium convenire jubet:" and, that from thence, to Britain, he knew was the ſhorteſt way; he calls it thirty miles; but it is evident, it is undeniable, he meant to the place where he was to land; for of what ſignification; of what advantage would it be for him to talk of the ſhortneſs

at Calais, and not at St. Omer's or Boulogne: I was now plotting the means of working out the hiſtory of this tooth-pick caſe.

It is beyond a doubt, ſhe had the *cadeau* from a perſon much above her ſtation in life; it was too valuable to be the preſent of a ruſtic lover—the inheritor of the wealth of Cæcilius Iſidorus,

ſhortneſs of the diſtance, if he could not arrive at that diſtance. Dover he could not, but Deal he could; therefore, Deal was the ſhorteſt paſſage from the Portus Itius, and which exactly correſponds with Cæſar's thirty miles.

In every reſpect, it is impoſſible for St Omer's or Boulogne, to be the Portus Itius of Cæſar; for his Commentaries ſay, that eighteen ſhips of large burthen, with cavalry on board, were wind bound at a place eight old Engliſh miles diſtant from the Portus Itius; which, with Dr. Halley, I believe to be Graveline; or, the Γισοργιακον ἐπινειον of Ptolomy. It is obvious, that no port or harbour that meaſures eight miles from this port of Cæſar can be found near St. Omer's or Boulogne. Why not, therefore, ſupport Mr. Horſley: and, with all ſubmiſſion to the learned Dr. Somner, Battely, Cluverius, and other antiquarians, who have written on the ſubject, fix the Portus Itius of Cæſar at Calais.

would ſcarcely expend ſix louis d'ors on a tooth-pick caſe; therefore I concluded Madame la Marquiſe de —— had a ſon; and as Roſaline was much prettier, than any Roſaline I had ever ſeen, or my imagination could poſſibly paint; this ſon of the Dame de Paroiſe might have given it her—and in ſpite of the great deſire I had to ſuffer my mind to wander on the revolt of Dumnorix the Heduan, whether he was killed near St. Omer's or Calais; I was combining my politics how to unravel the myſtery.

We were now ſeated at dinner, and the pretty innocent *païſanne* dreſſing a ſalad—I was watching her delicate method of pruning it. Nothing could have equalled her ſimplicity and elegance in the act. A fine lady might have ſucceeded with equal neatneſs; but then, that inexpreſſible elegance of untutored ſimplicity, would have been exchanged, for

for the artful complexion of refined nature. Her lively manner hurried to my mind thoſe lines of Milton, where Eve is preparing her champêtre feaſt for Raphael.

> What choice to chooſe for delicacy beſt,
> What order, ſo contriv'd as not to mix
> Taſtes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
> Taſte after taſte upheld with kindlieſt change;
> Beſtirs her then, and from each tender ſtalk;—

She was curious in the extreme, in her preparation of the ſalad, picking off the little and almoſt imperceptible leaves that were decayed upon it—firſt finding fault with the tarragon, then with the cherville—the lettice was too full grown—in ſhort, nothing was ſo good, and ſo freſh, as could be got in her paroiſe.

Had there been a pertneſs, or the leaſt affectation in her manner of finding fault,

fault, I ſhould have ſuffered my pre-poſſeſſion to have decreaſed full two thirds of its value. There was none—ſhe was an Eve in native elegance; my curioſity therefore, to come to the de-nouëment of her tooth-pick caſe was moſt exquiſitely raiſed, and no French agace-ment was omitted to ſerve my purpoſe.

In ſpite of all my ſubtlety, it was im-poſſible for me to make out the enig-ma; and what raiſed my curioſity to this pitch, was the ſimple confuſion ſpread over her countenance whenever I touch-ed upon it.

What all the artifice of prying curio-ſity, and the greateſt cunning in my power to practice, could not unravel, a circumſtance of the moſt ſimple nature accompliſhed.

The

The pretty *païſanne* left the room—On her return I left it alſo.—

Wherefore ſhould I relate the cauſe of my abſence?—Suffer me ſimply to ſay, that I picked up a letter *, which the charming Roſaline had dropped—the following is word for word from the original:

" Je compte avec la plus triſte impa-
" tience les moments que je ſuis forcée
" à paſſer loin de toi. — Ah ma belle

* I beg I may not be ſuſpected of periergical digreſſion, when I remark, that there is an old trick of working up plots in dramatic and hiſtoric writing; that this trick conſiſts in the introduction of letter dropping, rings diſcovered on the finger, ſcarfs, and a multiplicity of conceits of the kind, for the more perfect elucidation of the drama.—In reſpect to this licence, practiſed by all authors; even from the moſt elaborate, who flouriſhed in the palmy time of antiquity, down to the moſt ſubaltern genius of modern times; I therefore deſire I may be permitted to enter a proteſt againſt any artifice made uſe of, for the more ſpeedy concluſion and working up of my ſtory.

" Roſe

" Roſe ils ſe prolongent cruellement—
" pourrai je te voir au même guête
" d'amant ou nous fumes avant hier—
" venés mon ange du ciel; calmés mes
" inquietudes.—Je ne peux vivre loin
" de toi—n'importe les conditions ſor-
" tables—n'importe les prejugés de mes
" parens. Je ne vie que pour Roſe.

" Si le moindre mot venoit aux oreilles
" de mon pere, je fremis de ce qui en
" proviene de ſon indignation; ſur tout,
" du rigeur d'un vielliard, entêté de
" l'honneur de ſa maiſon. Soiés ſur vos
" gardes, que votre maintien ſoit poli-
" tique et le plus tendre amour nous
" ſera propice. Oui Roſe, tu eſt a moi.
" Le mort ſeul peut t'arracher de ton."—

Could I forbear my inward exultations of triumph on the occaſion? Fate alone muſt have arranged the concatenation of theſe

theſe events.—'Tis ſtrange that I ſhould ſo heartily wiſh for a ſolution of the tooth-pick caſe, and find that ſolution ſo opportunely.—Pretty *païſanne*, thy ſighs, thy tears, thy ebullitions of tenderneſs are then accounted for. The letter was written by the ſon of the dame de paroiſe.—What traces of ſentiment! The ſpirit of Roſſeau.—Poor girl! I am not ſurprized thy ſimple heart is open to the impulſe of ſorrow; but wherefore have thy tender affections been perſecuted? Thou art certainly ſeparated from thy lover by ſtratagem. But if his attachment in reality be as ſtrong as his letter indicates, he will diſappoint all maternal caution. The feveriſh ſpirit of youthful love will ſoar above all obſtacles; and, perhaps thou may'ſt unexpectedly find him at Marquet, on your arrival.

But alas! romantic gallantry may be over predominant — then Roſaline, thy ſimple

ſimple heart, thy native manners are betrayed.

God forbid! I cried, for the thought was recent juſt as I entered the room.—She was peruſing a letter — no ſooner did ſhe catch a glimpſe of me, but it was crumpled into her pocket. Were all my deareſt hopes in this world dependant on the bet—I would ſtake them, that I could produce a fellow to that letter. Ye powers of nature, what a bluſh! what an unaffected diſcovery of her paſſion! I drew my chair cloſe to hers — took hold of her hand, and began my negotiation thus:

Ma pètite aimable — let me look at the letter you put into your pocket. O que non. — The contents are then a ſecret, it is a love letter. — Qui vous l'ā dit — which anſwer was accompanied with

with half cut ſentences, her hand and body changing poſitions all the while. Nay then mon ange du ciel, ſince you will not deny it, I muſt ſuppoſe it in effect to be ſo. But ſince you will not repoſe any confidence in me yourſelf—I will ſhew what ſkill I have in the ſecrets of ſuch pretty girls as you, and convince you that I am informed of the moſt hidden things they poſſeſs. Has not your dame de paroiſe a ſon? *Dieu!* ſays ſhe, who told you ſo?—Nay, you will not tell me your ſecret, why ſhould I tell you mine?—but has ſhe not?—Yes, ſays ſhe, fixing her pretty ſtaring eyes full on my face, with the moſt rivetting attention. Her ſon is in love with you, and the family knows it—this is likewiſe true, is it not? Nay, nay, ma petite innocente, if you do not anſwer me this queſtion, I will not proceed any farther. Indeed there was no

neceſſity

neceſſity to get the anſwer from her — the affirmative was ſtrongly marked in her countenance. — Ma foi Monſieur, vous êtes magicien. Come, come, ſince I have divined on whom your love is placed, you muſt make me your friend, and I will tell you the ſecret of poſſeſſing M. le Comte—you love him, do you not? *Qui?* ſays the wondering girl.

Though in her manner of ſaying *Qui*, there might appear a vacuity, the reſult of innocence — I am ſure I well obſerved as ſublime a ſoul as ever inhabited the fair form of a Julie, only waiting for inſtruction to expand itſelf. *Qui?* ſays ſhe—Le Comte de ——

I am not equal to the deſcription of the ſurprize painted in the face of the pretty *païſanne* — thou who patiently attendeſt

attendeſt to my ſtory, ſet thy imagination at work, and ſpare me the trouble of arranging emphatical matter for the purpoſe. But, if thou haſt ever ſeen the tent of Darius painted by le Brun, thou mayeſt remember a countenance in the groupe, expreſſive of extreme admiration—ſuch then was the country girl's.

Thus, you ſee, my amiable innocent, I am no ſtranger to your actions—your thoughts—your every thing—therefore, I inſiſt upon it, you lay your heart quite naked to my view.

But, whither am I wandering?—I ſhall begin to love you myſelf—indeed, indeed, thou roſe of Picardy! ſuch unaffected attractions as thine, may awaken the heart to certain impulſes beyond the endurance of frail mortals—they may make your faithful and tender Count my rival—they may—Ho! ho!—I am not

in the leaſt ſurprized: I wiſh to be your tutor—Jeſuit that thou art! (I thus reproached myſelf) if thou doſt gain the confidence of the innocent Roſaline, what appeal canſt thou make to any moral feeling? Thy ſubtlety will not advantage either thyſelf or the ſimple girl, I hope it will anſwer no bad purpoſe—poor paltry ſubterfuge!—but take care thou art not deceived.

Cheriſh then thy ſweet compliance—By Heavens! I will cheriſh thy compliance; nor ſhall thy confidence be abuſed—Monſter of human nature! to ſuffer a treſpaſſing thought to enter thy imagination—no; though it touched thee with a gentleneſs, leſs ſenſible than the preſſure of the ſmall antenna of a ſummer fly, thou ſhouldſt drive it away,

And where is my crime—if—if—if—I do gain her confidence? The thought in

ſhooting

ſhooting acroſs me was confuſed in its career.—And where is my crime, if even my inſinuating craft is the offspring of love itſelf?—It is the natural cauſe of every pretty face — of, innocence — of, goodneſs?—It is—it is—Sir, it is a paltry ſubterfuge, and take care thou art not deceived.

How ſhe received my offer to take part of my Barouche! *—Fair accompliſhed females! approach with all the refinement of breeding, and *ſport* your elegant ſkill of refuſal—would your alarms for reputation, your diſplay of immaculate character; teach me to reſpect you more than Roſaline, with her native frankneſs?

* This was a carriage I had ſent forward with my ſervant to Bethune, for certain reaſons—which had time and place admitted, I, perhaps, might have ſatisfied the reader in; but what has the hiſtory of the Barouche to do with the ſtory?

Then give me your hand—ſo up ſhe jumped; and, in ſpite of the ſlanderous inhabitants of Bethune, not caring a liard for their unavailing ſcandal, or the ſtrength of their baſtions and ravelins, I ſeated myſelf by her ſide; and before the poſtillions had made three flouriſhing cracks with their whips, the carriage was whiſked through the gates.

Nor ſhall you, ye gloomy, melancholy ſouls! who look cool on my recital, with all your ſpleen, or your nice prudential airs of gravity, force me to draw the curtains of my Barouche—no—nor let the beaming eyes of him all preſiding over cherubim and ſeraphim, be averted from us; but if you, ye mercileſs beſtriders of ſmall horſes! with your confounded clumſy boots, and queues reaching to your horſes rumps; a contraſt ſo great to our Engliſh poſtillions: if you, I ſay, turn your heads with any

prying

prying intentions, I will diſcharge my Kügelrythers * through your heads.

I was advancing my hand, with all imaginable gentleneſs to take hold of Roſaline's, at the exact inſtant ſhe was doing the ſame thing to me; when ſhe thus addreſſed me in recovering from her ſurprize. Come, Sir, tell me more of the Count—No—not till you take your hand away—the touch has already thrown my ſpirits into that ferment, I ſhall not recover any tolerable degree of compoſure this half hour—And, that innocent, pretty face, wherefore is it ſo near mine? Unfortunate being, that I am at this critical inſtant!—I have gained the confidence of the innocent Roſaline, and conſcience dares me to take advantage of it.

No; though you are prettineſs itſelf, you ſhall not have a word more from

 me,

* Piſtols made by one Kügelryther, a famous gunſmith at Ratiſbone.

me, unleſs you make me your confeſſor, and tell me every ſyllable of your adventures with the Count. Ah! you ſigh—well begin—but no ſqueeze of the hand, if you pleaſe.

Foi d'honneur, ſays ſhe, you have told me true, and enverité I have a great mind to tell you every thing about it—Spirit of ſimplicity! then begin, if tears will permit you; for I ſee their fonts already humected.

Ah! Monſieur le Comte m'aimoit tendrement—but I ſhall never ſee him again—ſon pere ne le veut point—Her heart was now riſing, and according to the degree of its elevation, ſo flowed her ſenſible tears—He was very tender to me—two ſobs—I did not deſerve to be treated unkindly, becauſe I was not his equal—Monſieur le vieux Comte told ma chere mere, that I deſerved to be whipped in the

the village for an intriguing wicked girl —four ſucceſſive ſobs, with intervening pauſes for her tears—Heavens! who is the unfeeling wretch who could behave thus unkindly to thee.—

Madame la Comteſſe placed a ſervant to watch us, and perfide! he made the diſcovery—Ciel! quel doux, quel malheureux moment!—A long pauſe in her ſtory, by reaſon of ſeveral involuntary ſobbings.

Remaining ſilent, till ſhe had calmed this riſing emotion of grief, ſhe voluntarily continued her ſtory.

Et via vix tandem voci laxata dolore eſt.

I ſoon acquired the whole; and, indeed, more than I poſſibly could expect to be entruſted with.—For ſuch was the unreſtrained mode of her confeſſion; and

ſuch was my perſuaſive pretenſion to magic; I am certain no one circumſtance remained in her boſom, which bore the name of concealment, but what was bared to my view.

Oft did ſhe preſs my hand, and turn up one of the moſt pretty, and moſt innocent faces, my eyes ever beheld; conjuring me not to divulge the great ſecret ſhe had repoſed in me—for, if Monſieur le Comte, or Madame la Comteſſe, or her chere mere, ſhould know it, ſhe would be the moſt miſerable abandonnée of her paroiſe.

I am certain, no religious Fryar, however well verſed in all the myſteries of his art, could have drawn from his penitent ſo ample and compleat a confeſſion.

I now addreſſed myſelf to Aſmodeus, the crooked devil of Pandemonium, who

is

is known to be the friendly patron of all the contraſted votaries of Hymen, to defend the innocent and acceſſible heart of Roſaline from all future impreſſions; and to preſerve it, if poſſible, in its unadulterated ſtate, with the deep emboſſation of the Count upon it.—Further; to continue Jean Jacques in the high eſteem of her ſentimental admirer; praying him, to preſent nothing but Julie, and the celeſtial viſion of her lover, to his imagination.

I entered Liſle juſt as I had given her the heads of a letter to the Count; it bore all the air of perſuaſive ſimplicity I was maſter of, and ſhe promiſed to ſend it to him on her arrival at the Convent.

Arriving at the grand place—I called a Fiacre to the Barouche door, and handing her into it, ſhe was driven off to Marquet.

LISLE.

L I S L E.

I HAD ſcarce made a deſcent from my Barouche at the gate of the hotel de Bourbon, when I was addreſſed by a tall and ſtout perſonage, wearing the croſs of St. Louis at his button-hole, and dreſſed in mourning—he pulled me gently by my ſleeve, making a ſlight apology for his abruptneſs, and whiſpered me in the ear.—What parties I replied? "Oh, dare Sir! you have no "need to kape the affair, you have come "hare upon, a ſacret with me; becaſe, "do you ſee, I have too grate reſpect "for my countrymen, not to do them "all the ſarvice that lies in my power "among

" among ſtrangers."—The ſingularity of the attack was ſuch, I could not forbear ſmiling. When he made his firſt queſtion, he put himſelf in a fencing attitude with his cane; which ſoon gave me ſome ſmall intelligence of his meaning.

" Sir," ſays the Iriſh Officer, who had acquired by his ſervices in the French army, the pendant honour, ſtaring in the full face of broad day light, and little deſirous of courting the modeſt ſhade of his coat facing, " you had better not " make any halt in this place; and, if I " could take the liberty to adviſe, I " ſhould recommend the ſame hint " to your *friend*; for, if M. de la " M———, the commandant of Liſle, " gets the leaſt information of the buſi- " neſs you are upon, he will little care " whether you have come on purpoſe " from your own country to decide an " affair of honour, but ſend a Sergeant

" de

" de police after you; and, do you ſee,
" before you can have time to queſtion
" the reaſon, why, and wherefore? you
" will find yourſelves very poorly accom-
" modated, I aſſure you."

It was utterly out of my power to prefer the leaſt ſhadow of negation; he was determined to have the matter his own way: and as I ſtood ſome chance, thro' the tumultuous hurry of his diſcourſe, of being inſtructed in an affair I was unacquainted with, I gave a free looſe to his precipitancy.

" But," ſays my Hibernian friend, " if
" you will follow my counſel, take poſt
" horſes for the Empreſs Queen's domi-
" nions; or, at leaſt, for ſome place, ſo
" near to the borders of them; that, in
" caſe your adverſary falls, you may"
[and here he grew facetious] " contrive
" your ground ſo nicely, that his head
" may

" may lay in one country, and his heels " in the other."—Very true, I replied; I might then, as a reward for my dexterity, be ſecure from the police of either country.

A little ſquare built, ſallow complectioned man, coming from the hotel, accoſted my Iriſh acquaintance; who preſently returned to me, making ſeveral excuſes for having miſtaken me for one of the two Engliſh Gentlemen, who had travelled from their own country, on purpoſe to decide an affair of honour ſomewhere in the environs of Liſle.—That Gentleman, ſays he, pointing to the little ſquare built man, is Monſieur R—, a fencing maſter, whom one, or both the parties have engaged to accompany them to the field.

I now recollected there was ſomething of this kind in agitation, before I left England, between Captain F—— and Mr.

Mr. S——. I ſoon found from whence the Iriſh Captain's miſtake aroſe—he had ſeen my ſervant arrive before me, and concluding his maſter was not far behind, enquired what countryman he was; and having learnt that I was an Engliſhman, and as he had heard ſome rumours ſpread of this duel, conceived I muſt be the Agamemnon of the day.

However, the miſtake he made did not in the leaſt leſſen his obliging condeſcenſion, to inſtruct me in every particular, which he thought was requiſite for a ſtranger to know on his viſiting Liſle.—I ſoon had a liſt of all the Engliſh in the town, the *pourquois*, &c. of their reſidence. Having patiently attended to the ſecret hiſtory of my countrymen; moſt of whom, I found had formed a conſolatory ſociety among themſelves, to make amends for the fatal neceſſity of being compelled to ſelf-

ſelf-baniſhment from their own country; he urgently preſſed me to accompany him to his houſe, where a groupe was expected to take their tea with his lady.

Not doubting, but I had fixed on Liſle as an aſylum; to which, but too many of my countrymen are obliged to fly, when they are forced to purchaſe their liberty among foreigners, he ſoon began to talk of cheap lodgings; tradeſmen who give long credit; and the moſt frugal plan of eating my mutton.

Waving his invitation, I offered him breakfaſt at my hotel the next morning; which he accepted, and parted with me; rejoiced, in having an opportunity, as I thought, of enrolling me among the unfortunate Engliſh refugées. I did not undeceive him; though, the opinion, which he ſeemed to entertain of me, rather mortified my vanity.

Having

Having ſome letters to write for England, I ſeated myſelf by a crackling wood fire, with paper before me, and every thing comfortable around me in the room, but I could not ſet pen to paper; I fell into a reverie, and biting the feather end of the quill, my brain was buſied with theſe reflections.

By three tomorrow morning!—deſperate, indeed!—ſo cool!—ſuch reſolute blood ſhedding!—famous men!—the page of hiſtory may, perhaps, record you to poſterity, and your names ſtand by Hamilton and Mahon *, Bruce and Sackvil, in the liſt of deliberate and honour-

* The two firſt, a Duke and a Lord, who fought a duel in Hyde Park; the one was killed on the ſpot, and the other died in carrying to his coach. The ſecond, a Lord and a Knight, who fought near Antwerp; this is a remarkable duel, and recorded in the Guardian as a peculiar inſtance of obſtinate reſentment.

honourable butchers—a fencing maſter to be preſent!—What, I ſuppoſe, to judge if the devoted party be killed in cart or tierce, and the deed perpetrated by all the nice rules of punctilious ſcience! Curious fancy! Well, Gentlemen, to it pel-mel—and let the bloody ſhade of Paul Maneſſi, who cut off the head of Caraguſa the Turk, in a famous duel fought in the preſence of Scanderbeg's and the Turkiſh army that were looking on, animate your vengeful boſoms.

It is the cuſtom of the world—cavil and cut throats for a ſtraw—it is in the preciſe chain of things—the duel muſt be fought, and then.—Why then, ſome good will ariſe from the evil—a man killed now and then, will render us more milky, leſs ferocious to each other; the bonds of ſociety will be leſs liable to be broken, and humanity in the end im-

prove by it—Honour, honour, how are thy compulſive laws obeyed!

I ſmiled with Virgil.—

Idcinerem, aut manes credis curare ſepultos?

So thinking no more of the combatants, I finiſhed my letters for England.

Conversation at Breakfast.

THE next morning I was prepared for my Iriſh Captain—as ſoon as he entered the room, his eyes took a full ſurvey of my trunk, and other parts of my travelling equipage. My features were the next things he reconnoitered. I have ſometimes a tolerable gueſs by the centrical poſition a man puts himſelf in, how the account ſtands of favorable or unfavorable prepoſſeſſions. My Captain, I thought, was more en grand homme than the evening before. I took a ſmall

a ſmall glance at my perſon in the glaſs, to ſee if the exterior had loſt any of its dignity; but the arrangement was not diſcompoſed; all was well, and ſelf-approbation played full as invitingly round my heart as uſual.—What, therefore, ſhould enforce this alteration in my Hibernian, I could not well divine.

"Is it your intention to make ſome "ſtay at Liſle?" I was not certain, I gravely anſwered.—"You are on the "grand tour, perhaps?"—Not altogether ſo.—"Travelling is expenſive."—Very expenſive, I replied.—"You have not "brought much equipage"—No—I have only one domeſtic, and that ſmall valiſe —"Then, you do not carry much change "of dreſs"—Exactly ſo, I anſwered—"But "you may get ſome clothes made here"—for what end, Sir?—"Without doubt, "you mean to viſit good company, and "therefore—you have letters, I ſuppoſe?"

—I have; to M. de la M—— the commandant. Yes.—Ah! ah! ah! I will tell you a pleaſant ſtory of M. de la M——, replied my friendly viſitor; reaſſuming at the name of M. de la M—— every condeſcenſion of freedom. While he was telling his ſtory, I was decyphering the interrogations juſt made me, and preſently I found them thus ſtated.

Query 1. If I had left my country for manifold, &c. &c. of neceſſity?

2. If I was an independent traveller on a tour of pleaſure?

3. If I was an opulent traveller?

4. If I was a man of figure?

5. Relative to my having letters; to know if I was entitled to the etiquette of diſtinction; and, whether he might venture to be ſeen in my company in the ſtreets of Liſle, without my brown coat tarniſhing the luſtre of his Croix de St. Louis?

" But

" But you have not ſeen our churches
" —we have ſome fine paintings ?"

The horrors of ſuffering humanity, I could ever wiſh to turn my eyes from: and whenever I behold the paintings of crucifixes, ſuffering martyrs, and other repreſentations of human diſtreſs; whether the immortal production of a Venetian or Flemiſh ſchool, though I may praiſe the inimitable ſkill of the artiſt, I condemn every production of genius, which ſerves but to awaken in me the ſympathiſing pang for miſery.

Expreſſing a deſire to ſee the commanding ground, from whence the Duke of Marlborough began his attack on Liſle, we paced down the rue Royal, and taking a turn on the eſplanade, we were ſoon joined by a French Officer; who being an acquaintance of my friend's, in all the bon ton of eaſe, addreſſed himſelf thus to

me: "Monſieur eſt apparement étran-" ger."—I bowed my head.—He ſaid, he would have the honour to take a turn with us.

Soon penetrating the motives of our walk, the French Officer began on the hiſtory of the ſiege of Liſle, and in a few ſeconds of time worked himſelf up to the greateſt pitch of military ardour. —No commander in chief could have argued ſo deciſively.—After having aſſured me, that it was entirely owing to the intrigues of his court, that the Duke of Marlborough's ſucceſs was ſo much ſignalized; and venting a few extraordinary maledictions againſt the courtezans of Louis XIV. inſiſting all this time, that he was in the right, he, with the greateſt rapidity imaginable, turned commentator on the ſkill of Vauban, and appeared to be full as great an engineer, as this great maſter in works of deſtruction.

The

The French Officer made an appeal to me; whether, it was not better for France, to have the honour of recovering Liſle, the chief d'œvre of Vauban, than to retain Dunkerque; a neſt of ſmugglers and pilfering burgers. The glory then, I preſume, you value, and not the commerce of your nation.—My French Officer would hear nothing of commerce—but ratified his opinion with "Vive la traité d'Utrecht, that has pro-"cured us ſuch a fine citadel, baſtions, "and hornworks." But of what uſe, are theſe immenſe piles of maſonry? I replied.—What brick and mortar is expended on them, and to what end?—to ſacrifice human beings; not at the rate of a few paltry thouſands, but in myriads ſwept off, like inſects infeſting the face of the earth; and this only to prove, how much ſuperior the ſyſtem of M. Vauban is, to any of his competitors, in theſe diabolical ſyſtems of defence.

How many brave ſouls? how many thouſands of as good men, as your Vendomes, and our Marlboroughs, have periſhed on this ſpot; and what end has this carnage accompliſhed? the reſtoration of theſe ditches to your king, perhaps to act the ſame ſcene over again; and the reduction of the ſtrength of a town, which by its commerce could introduce riches into your country, to purchaſe that glory you pique yourſelves upon, without ſuch means of havock and blood ſhed.

" If," ſays the French Officer, " I had " not known Monſieur to be an Engliſh- " man, I ſhould have concluded by his " reaſoning, that he was a Dutch mer- " chant."

The French then, I preſume, diſlike commerce; and yet, methinks, your nation has made, and ſtill continues to make, great ſtruggles for it.—Why was your

your illuſtrious Colbert immortaliſed? Whence your battles in the four quarters of the globe? How acquire the grand ſpring to the refined luxury of your kingdom?

What, O Frenchman! I ſecretly exclaimed, do you turn up your noſe at the very thing which renders your citizens opulent? and, which clads your country in general, with all the fopperies you ſo dearly prize?—Eh bien Monſieur le Marquis, ſupport your airy glitter of mock grandeur.—Yes, yes; ſtrut about, and envy the burger his ronion and burgundy.—You may live to ſee a few years tincture your experience with philoſophy and common ſenſe; and, then you will curſe the wretched humbug your XIVth. Louis deceived your nation by *.

Mais

* This was written ſome years back—the times verify the aſſertion.—All Europe knows the French are, at this time, involved in a commercial war. I may ſtill add, that my prediction is

Mais nous ſommes naturellement belliquieux, might ſay the Marquis, whom my imagination had painted, and we ſhould aggrandize ourſelves by conqueſt —d'acord, if you had barbarian nations to deal with; but now, all military powers are aſſimilated, and the principles of Tactics, are as well known by the one as the other. Your dextrous method of throwing your franciſque ‡ muſt be forgotten; you muſt now handle the ſame arm as your adverſary.

The French Officer perceiving the muſing poſture I was in, took an opportunity of whiſpering to my companion: and, at the inſtant he was turning to me, with a deſire of renewing the diſcourſe on

is more fully verified. Since the war, the commercial arrangements of France have placed the *burgers* in a more reſpectable light, than was the caſe heretofore.

‡ A weapon made uſe of, by the ancient Franks, with great expertneſs.

on the importance of Liſle to his country, the Hoſt paſt us.—He found I had pulled off my hat, in a very reſpectful manner, approaching more to internal conformity, than an external ceremony.—Monſieur is a Roman Catholic, he replied.—Not I truly.—He ſeemed very much ſurprized—but I reſpect the cuſtoms of all the world; more eſpecially, when I become a member of the ſociety which my curioſity leads me to viſit.—Ah! ah! ah!—mais quel ridicule pour nous, to ſuffer a ſtranger: and eſpecially, one ſo polite as you, to be a witneſs of our abſurdities—it is too ridiculous, indeed.—I looked ſerious—he pauſed for a reply—I made him none.

You reſpect our religion for politeneſs ſake, ſays the Officer—bon—but confeſs, are you not a little tickled at the mummery practiſed in it? Not in the leaſt, I replied; that very apparent and ridiculous

lous extravagance, has made you all better citizens than the reſt of the world; you are humane, and polite to ſtrangers: your manners more inoffenſively gay, and the ſoul more dilated. You leave to your prieſts your melancholy thoughts of futurity; a diſorder, foe to good company, which ſpreads the ſombre on the countenance, and makes the lugubre ſuch a friendly companion to my own countrymen. Mais comment donc.

Yes, Sir, it is to your fêtes, and your frolicſome tenets of the papiſtical church, that ſtrangers are ſo much indebted to your liberal company; a Frenchman is always pleaſant, and his gaiety is not the effect of his education, but his religion: he has nothing to fear on the drawback of futurity, from the ample credence which he has repoſed in his confeſſor.—Thus he can go dancing

to

to Heaven; while, we proteſtants,† with all the weight of our tranſgreſſions, which we bear on our own ſhoulders, lounge through a life of dejection, and appear always with the moſt ſaturnine tempers—that is, we who are religious bien entendue Monſieur. "Ah! ah! ah!" the French Officer laughing, "you have "given a pleaſant tournure to the diſ- "courſe—c'eſt bien comique.—I like your "doctrine better than my friend Vol- "taire—his Dictionnaire Philoſophique "cannot produce ſo good a chapter on "the ſcore of religion—and ſo polite, in "praiſe of the French nation!"

"Cet

† This paſſage, I am ſorry to ſay, has given offence to a learned and reſpected divine of our church. I can only obſerve, that there are certain minds and conſtitutions ſo framed, that they are prone to take alarm at the moſt innocent gaity. To reply to their objections would be rendering a ſubject ſerious; in which no offence to the reformed religion of this country was intended.

" Cet un grand homme ce Voltaire" —He may very poſſibly be a great man, in the opinion of ſome people, I replied rather coldly. " Quoi donc! you do " not admire Voltaire.—Not I truly, Sir; for having been ſo great an enemy to your country, to your holidays, your madrigals, your jubilees, and all the amuſing ſcenes of the church of Rome.

The French officer was very attentive —I ſtill kept on.—Believe me, Sir, if there were leſs Chriſtianity in your country, you would be a leſs captivating people.—I love a whimſical ſociety, and always make it a rule to ſhun a clouded countenance.

Voltaire has embittered your cup of religion—he is a Cynic, and yet he is always jeſting—he quarrels with men about the very thing that reconciles them to their exiſtence—his advocates are diſguſted

guſted with the world, and he laughs people out of their faith and confidence in religious duties. The Marquis hummed a tune.—I put his politeneſs to the teſt—he fancied me dull.—I could not drop the ſubject, but grew more ſerious.

The world muſt neceſſarily have a very cheerleſs appearance to thoſe, who only live for the completion of ſelf-gratification, and the pleaſures of this life. —If there be no extra mundane ties on ſociety; how do we vary in nature from the quadrupede, whoſe flanks are galled by our petulant chaſtiſements?—Terrible reflection!

Believe me, Sir, how much ſoever you may fancy yourſelves to have cauſe for deriſion and diſſatisfaction at the happy ſupremacy of your church, and fire your ſquibs of pleaſantry at popes, prelates, or the whole congregation of your

your religious orders; it is from the evil you rail at, that you derive your ſkill in charming ſtrangers, with your converſations that never give ennui, and your attentions that pleaſe all the world.

"C'eſt bien drole tout cel ci."—I believe the French Officer was a proſelyte to my novel doctrine—he dropped the name of Voltaire, gave me a look, to mark his approbation, ſtroked the chitterlin of his ſhirt, and ſtarted the ſubject of a new opera.

At my return to my hotel, I was preſſed by my Iriſh friend to drop that evening into the Engliſh circle; and, by the French Officer, to accompany him to the theatre; but I took my congé of both.

I was ſome how or other diſguſted with this town, before I had ſcarce ſet my

my feet in it. A valet de place accoſted me with the title of, Mi Lor, with a malicious grin on his countenance, the moment I was alighting from my Barouche —the fellow ſeemed to be the epitome of a whole community: it was a ſhabby preſage for a ſtranger—I work'd it in my mind, and nothing favorable preſenting itſelf on the ſubject, I threw myſelf down in a lounging poſture, uncertain whether to proceed on my tour, or to take up my reſidence ſome little time in the chief d'œuvre of Mr. Vauban, and ſtudy the rights of this engineer's pre-eminence—took out of my pocket-book a ſcrap of a manuſcript, with remarks on ſeveral towns, which had been put into my hands by a friend, who lived ſome years in Liſle; and who travelled over moſt parts of Europe en vrai philoſophe ſans ſoucie.

L I S L E,

" A LARGE fortified town, in French
" Flanders."—" Plague on the to-
" pography and hiſtory of it! I only
" vouchſafe to ſay, that at the conclu-
" ſion of the laſt ſucceſsful war with
" France, when the name of Engliſh-
" men commanded implicit reſpect, its
" burgers were unſuſpicious, and confi-
" ded in the ſplendid riches of our na-
" tion at large, which their light imagina-
" tions made them believe, to be particu-
" lariſed in individuals; then, I ſay, Eng-
" liſhmen were here courted and reſpect-
" ed; but this exotic and pleaſing urbani-
" ty was ſoon abuſed; culprits fled hither,

" and

" and degraded the name of a Briton;
" impoſed on the credulous tradeſman,
" who, from one extreme, hath fallen in-
" to the oppoſite one; and, now all the
" Engliſh viſitors of this place, are indiſ-
" criminately grouped under the diſgrace-
" ful title of echapeurs du potence."

I read enough—for comparing the grin of the Valet de place with this remark of my friend, I ordered poſt horſes, and ſcampered away on my road to Bruxelles; and as to my letter to M. de la M——, I thought it was of very little conſequence, to prove to the good company of Liſle, that England could produce, now and then, a ſubject, to deface bad impreſſions, and who was tout autre choſe, than a miſerable outcaſt of his country.

I confeſs I glowed and ſwelled with pride and indignation, like a turkey

cock, at the thoughts of ſpending my money and time at this place; that is, by the bye, if I had either to ſpend; to ſhew the inhabitants how much the ſtain on the character of Engliſhmen, could be done away, by the moſt diſtinguiſhing deeds of liberality and ſcrupulous integrity.

Reform thyſelf, and not the world; ſo take yourſelf away—with this reflection I left Liſle; and turned my tail on the ſkill of Vauban.

COUR-

COURTRAY.

WHILE I was changing horſes, I was peculiarly ſtricken with the ſingular impatience of a paſſenger, for the departure of the diligence: I obſerved him to intreat his companions, with a gentleneſs and elegant courteſy, to haſten the ſame—then he flew to the landlord, to give his commands to the driver; then to the driver himſelf; then to the ſtable, to ſee if the horſes were harneſſed; then to the gateway, biting his nails, and walking backwards and forwards, much agitated.—His countenance was urgently thoughtful—his complexion livid; his eyes ſunk into his head, and

over-arched with a large circular and black brow—his look altogether, ſeemed hagged through fatigue, and an inward dejection, which preyed upon him.—I judged him to be about five and thirty years of age—he was genteel—above the common in his manner; but very negligently attired—in ſhort, his appearance touched me home, and awakened my curioſity.

Mort de Dieu! cried the Flemiſh Whip, that there was a little more patience in the world.—It would be a ſix ſous out of your pocket, if there was, I thought within myſelf; for I obſerved the impatient paſſenger to give him that little ſum, as a ſtimulus to accelerate his motions.

A difficulty aroſe, which increaſed the paſſenger's impatience beyond all bounds—he was almoſt mad with diſappointment; for, as the diligence was prepar-

preparing to ſet off, a female paſſenger was unfortunately miſſing; who, having ſome buſineſs in the town, abſented herſelf 'till the uſual time of its departure—and now the driver declared, it was abſolutely impoſſible to ſet off before the clock ſtruck a certain hour, the ſtated time for its departure, unleſs Madame arrived.

My Barouche was, at this inſtant, drawing up to the door; and, as curioſity was fermenting, juſt as ſtrong in me, as impatience in the paſſenger, I offered him a ſeat in it; concluding, Ghent was his next ſtation.

There was a polite gratitude in the manner with which he accompanied his ſimple thanks; and he flew like an arrow to the diligence, ſnatching out of it a ſmall valiſe—we aſcended our vehicle, and it moved in time to the impetuoſity

of my companion's wiſhes.—A cloud of melancholy ſoon overſhadowed his countenance; his eyes were immoveably fixed, and thought ſeemed buſy within him.—This torpor continued upon him the greateſt part of our ſtage to Ghent; excepting, that now and then, it was broken by a few polite expreſſions, to convince me of the greatneſs of his obligations.

I could not avoid puzzling my brain about the character of this man; turning in my head over and over, the motives that could poſſibly ferment ſuch great impatience to arrive at the end of his journey.

There was education in his look; which made me addreſs him with,

> Aurum per medios ire ſatellites
> Et perumpere amat ſaxa, potentius
> Ictu fulmineo—

But

But your preſent had not the power to procure the departure of the diligence—Horace is certainly right, anſwered my companion—the bribe was only of ſilver—the power of gold, doubtleſs, would have conquered the driver's ſcruples about the Lady—he would have driven off without her—but when a man is in haſte, I replied, he ſhould not travel in a Flemiſh diligence—but this, ſays my companion, is the only convenience, when our bad fortune will not permit us to purchaſe a more expeditious one—pour moi leſs deniers me manque, I am as poor as a church mouſe; and this is another reaſon for my wiſhing to be at the end of my journey; where, God be thanked! I ſhould have—Yes, ſays my ſtranger, making a reflective pauſe, and repeating the words, "I ſhould have "ſome of this world's trifles."—Here, he turned up his eyes with a groan, ſhrug-

ged

ged up his ſhoulders, and preſſed his hand on his knees—

And, why that piteous miſerable look? —thy home, and this world's comforts too!—yet this drew forth—

— A ſigh, ſo hideous and profound,
That it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his being.—

It is unique, I thought, that of all the Frenchmen I ever met with in my life, the natural character of the nation ſhould prevail ſo little in my fellow-traveller, barring the ſhrug of his ſhoulder, and the wan meagre countenance, there was nothing Gallic in him. The French, even in their moſt awful periods of diſtreſs—diſcover certain intervals, in which the traits of their native cheerfulneſs are conſpicuous; but the ſpirit of my companion

panion ſeemed enveloped in an endleſs gloom.—

The ſubjects we converſed on were not much diverſified, and rather confined to the claſſics.—He ſeemed well read, and his remarks were tinctured with judgment.—In the courſe of that natural and innocent vanity, of diſplaying our little ſtore of learning, I could not ſuppreſs the effect which the eighth Ode of Horace had upon me, which my companion repeated with no ſmall degree of energy—he ſaid it was his favorite Ode when he was once in love.—It was like the protaſis of antient drama to me, where the ſubject of the piece became entertaining—it ſuſpended for ſome time our converſation, and proved a moſt powerful advocate for the romantic feelings I was brooding upon.—Ay, ſays I.—

Cur neque militaris
Inter equales equitet, Gallica nec lupatis
Temperet ora frænis?

As I live, this is a perſon above the common rank of people; whom love, at a particular period of his life, has cruelly forced into ſome affecting adventure; and perhaps driven, by the faſcinating charms of a Lydia, into a deſperate path of fortune—he is certainly tout autre homme, than his appearance announces—ſo, while I was finiſhing my pedantry with,

Quid latet, ut marinæ
Filium dicunt Thetidis ſub lachrymoſa Troja
Funera, ne virilis
Cultus in cædem & Lycias proriperet catervas?

and poſitively ſettled in my mind, that this was actually the true caſe, I found the Barouche entering Ghent.

There

There are ever circumſtances to diſappoint the wiſhes of thoſe, who have the world to run through—which, by the bye, is ſomething like travelling through this part of Flanders; where we find poſt horſes heavy and ſlow: and, in my opinion, every thing cheerleſs and comfortleſs in the inns; graſs growing in the centre of towns: and, all the arts and ſciences, uncultivated, as their ſtreets are neglected by the induſtrious footſteps of man.—I was flattering myſelf, with learning the hiſtoric feats of my dejected companion; when I found myſelf, on my arrival at Ghent, ready to be robbed of this bon bouche for my curioſity.—As for myſelf, I can ſcarcely reconcile theſe mortifications, about which nine tenths of the world do not care a German krüytzer.

GHENT.

GHENT.

WE drove to the hotel on the place —the ſtranger ordering his valiſe to the care of a ſervant, propoſed paying his ſhare of the horſes—this I peremptorily refuſed — Are you for Bruxelles ?—A queſtion I forgot to make him till this inſtant.—Eager expectation aroſe in my countenance—I raged for an affirmative—Monſieur eſt il pour Bruxelles ? —Ci fait.—Then the buſineſs is ſettled, I replied—Allons—ſhall I once more have the honour of accommodating Monſieur —with all his heart, but not on my terms: —aſſuring him, that no obſtacle ſhould deprive

deprive me of his company—I ordered poſt horſes.

The Los-Rois regiment was drawn up on the ſquare—while the horſes were putting to, I was meditating on their manœuvres.—

O rare Auſtrian diſcipline — divine ſeverity, which can ſo uniformly faſhion mankind for blood and ſlaughter.—O ho! but you are the defenders of your country, and not wanton butchers of an enemy of your own creating—ah! ah! ah! excellent apology indeed!

When the ſulphureous hero of Brandenburg, by his near approach to the capital of Auſtria, alarmed the Dutch ſpirited Francis, at a card party in his palace, there was then ſome truth in this epithet — you were then juſtly ſtiled, the

the defenders of your country — Brown loſt his life before Prague, in the gallant defence which he made; and Coulen made you famous in hiſtory — notwithſtanding your long ſham, and black plaſtered whiſkers, for the ſake of carrying on your military farce, I will allow you to have had ſome virtue, when under Daun you took ten thouſand of the blue coated plunderers at Maxen — 'tis true, you then confeſſed for the firſt time to the military world, that the name of General conſiſted in ſuch a humane defeat of a banditti, and not in the great effuſion of blood, which crimſoned the field of Torgau, * from whence a laurel

* It is to be remarked, that at the battle of Torgau, the king of Pruſſia marched up the élite of his troops, which conſiſted of ſeveral bodies of grenadiers, to the attack of the Auſtrian artillery, poſted on the right wing—the loſs was immenſe, and the ſcene replete with horror—for as theſe fine fellows moved in all that rigid order of firmneſs, compatible with the ſevereſt diſcipline, whole ranks fell by the heavy ſhowers of grape ſhot, one upon the other, almoſt in the ſame line they marched upon; over

a laurel was culled to adorn the conquering brow of a Frederick:—Abſtracted from this, you are great Tacticians, and very fierce fellows—ſo I wiſh you as much amuſement as your profeſſion can poſſibly afford.—

Turning my back on the Los-Rios regiment, and looking towards the hotel, I diſcovered my fellow traveller making a moſt extraordinary animated ſalutation to an elderly reſpectable looking perſon, who had juſt at that inſtant recognized him.—The rencontre was not an uſual one, nor did it ſeem to be a meeting of two common friends.—The old gentleman, when he firſt approached my companion, threw his arms round his neck,

over which, reinforcements of the like brave men, were inceſſantly puſhed, and inceſſantly ſlaughtered—What a ſacrifice!—and what, O Frederick! haſt thou to anſwer for, if this cataſtrophe, was the reſult of blunder, obſtinacy, or caprice?

and ſaluted him on the cheek — then incloſing his hand between his, he held it for ſome time, expreſſing his ſurprize, and looking him in the face with a moſt intereſting inquiſitiveneſs.—I was at too great a diſtance to over-hear many of his expreſſions: and the only words I could well put together were, Mon Dieu que c'eſt étonnant, which the old gentleman pronounced with an emphatical warmth.

Struck with this ejaculation! my mind replete with a variety of conjectures; which, on my firſt ſetting eyes on the ſtranger, had ruſhed upon me, I was in the moſt tormenting ſtate of ſuſpenſe.—The more I contemplated this interview of the two friends, the more I fancied myſelf bound in obedience to that ſpeculation, ſo neceſſary for the conduct of man, in the ſtrange meandrings

drings of life, to come at the denouement of the piece I was working upon.

So loſing no time, I was ſoon at the ear of Monſieur Le Hôte, and my inquiſitive diſpoſition greatly alleviated, by his anſwer, that the reſpectable perſonage in converſation with my Courtray companion, was a Pariſian counſellor, and was a lodger at his houſe.

This anſwer ſet the machine afreſh to work, which ſoon ſpun out a moſt exquiſite fine woof of curioſity—but, alas! the threads were entangled in the wheels, and the whole at a ſtand ſtill. I was now in a worſe ſituation than before—the Qui and the Quoi of my companion, ſo much puzzled my brain, that I was conſtrained to pull out a ſnuff box, and with the two firſt fingers of my right hand, laying and playing conceitedly on the

ſham lid of or molu, I turned up my eyes in a vacuum of thought.

When we find ourſelves embarraſſed in an intricate buſineſs, we fancy the ſolution is to be found in a few grains of ſtinking fine rubbed tobacco.—It was juſt my caſe; I ſnuffed, and I ſnuffed, but the tickling duſt could not clear my brain—it was not ſo eaſily awakened with the inſignificant particles.

Monſieur Le Hôte ſaw my confuſion, and ſeemed concerned for my ſituation; therefore, as he would not appear to be a witneſs of my ſtupid ſuſpenſe, he turned his eyes on my companion and his friend—Et qui eſt Monſieur, he ſuddenly replied—I could not help inwardly ſmiling, perceiving, that he was now lead into the ſame ſcrape as myſelf, and his curioſity ſtrongly at warfare within him. I am in as bad a plight as you, Mr. Landlord.

lord.—What, ſays he, do you not know Monſieur?—I perfectly underſtood him; this was giving me to underſtand, how ſtrange it was, that a man did not know his compagnion de voyage. Indeed, this ignorance for a foreigner, would have been unpardonable; but, as I was one of ſurly John Bull's countrymen, it rather altered the caſe; yet, this did not enter the landlord's conſideration.—However, I received his ſtare of ſurprize, and anſwered with a ſmile, that I would give the world, if I had par raport a Monſieur, my compagnion de voyage, the laconic anſwer of the ſnarling Switzer to the pert Pariſian's interrogations *.

The Ghent landlord ſhewed himſelf a courtier in intrigue—for briſkly leaving me in a moſt clouded reverie, and taking

* Qui es tu? D'ou viens tu? Ou vas tu? Que veux tu?

advantage of the counſellor's departure, with a ſmirking bow, he accoſted him.

The plot was now ripening, and the dear gratification of my curious nature almoſt within my graſp: I do not believe it poſſible, if the moſt momentous incident in the life of man, had depended on the landlord's return, that I could have felt the power of impatience ſtronger than at this inſtant.

He ſoon returned, and delivered in his report—I confeſs his information did not much ſurprize me—I now found my companion was no leſs than a man of rank—he was the Count de C——.

This was acquiring only the firſt part of the Switzer replication, and but ſerved to make my curioſity ten fold more irreſiſtible.

The

The carriage was ready — all things ſettled; and after the Count de C—— had received many very reſpectable ſagacious inflexions of body, arms, and head, of Monſieur Le Hôte; as much as to ſay, Ah! ah! Mr. Le Comte, your diſguiſe does not conceal you, the poſtillions noiſed us out of the town.—

The Count took notice of the great profundity of the landlord's bow; obſerving, with what expreſſive politeneſs it was accompanied.—They have a ſelect collection of ſalutations, I replied, from the mênû paſſenger, to the clattering Prince of the blood; which are generally beſtowed according to the rank of the perſonage.—If egregious civility is a mark of high rank, anſwered the Count, I can certainly be no leſs than a Prince of the blood; that is, if I may judge by the landlord's geſticulations.—I told the Count, I thought he com-

manded them as his right.—Here I can not forget the ſide glance he gave at his perſon—this was extremly natural—it was to diſcern whether the enſemble of the man had made this favorable impreſſion on me; and, if it was poſſible, that his exterior could have exacted the landlord's reſpectful behaviour.—I confeſs, I ſhould have been pleaſed to have diſcovered what his ſelf-love whiſpered about it, or, whether his ſuſpicions had taken another turn.

Although I was prodigiouſly deſirous of ſolving the enigmatical appearance of the Count, ſtill I was reſolved not to make my openings with the leaſt ſhadow of indelicacy, but to wait till ſome familiar incident would gently ſlide me into the whole myſtery. Brim-full with thought, and ruminating on our accidental meeting, a ſhort ſilence took place.—It was fatal to my feelings, yet fortunate

in

in the event. I ever, in the courſe of my life, have found it impoſſible to finiſh any very intereſting buſineſs, without ſome curſed blunders, totally deranging my plan, and ſetting ſome freſh ſpring to work in my behalf—this was my preſent caſe—for being greatly agitated in the contrivance of ſome gentle and flexible method of ſatisfying my curioſity about the appearance of my companion, that Mr. Le Comte, and Mr. Le Comte, made the moſt principal links in the chain of my ideas:—in ſhort, nothing but Mr. Le Comte was uppermoſt—ſo, that in turning my head to the Count, I exclaimed, ſenſible of my own ſilence, that Mr. Le Comte was reveur.

The Count ſtarted, and a crimſon ſuffuſion darted into his looks—the blunder was paſt redemption—however, an opening was made, and I felt myſelf happy, though

though not intentionally, of having ſo ſoon begun the attack.—He was reſtleſs, his eyes were importunate; and, before I permitted the verbal mark of his ſurprize to take place, I gave him to underſtand, that, as the knowledge of his perſon had unintentionally been manifeſted to him, that I would ſatisfy him on the particulars of my knowing him to be the Count de C——.

When I had informed him of the embaſſy of the Ghent landlord to the Pariſian Counſellor, and, that my curioſity was the reſult of a prepoſſeſſion in his favour, his countenance rather brightened; and, from a look of timid concern, he chearfully and voluntarily began the following anecdote.—

ANEC-

ANECDOTE of the Count de C—.

'TIS true—the perſon you ſee in your company, is the unfortunate Count de C——, returning to his friends from a miſerable and long impriſonment—he ſighed—it was a pang from the utmoſt boundary of his ſoul—a ſuſpiration not ſoliciting condolence, and which ſeemed a friend to genuine, unaffected grief—it was a ſilent groan, ſent from a region, where melancholy and iron diſtreſs had long ſojourned—it ſtruck upon the ſtrings of my heart, and ſerved as a preface to a hiſtory, where truth, and real misfortunes, were painted.

Twelves years have I languiſhed in a priſon.—Yes, Sir; I have been loſt all that time, to parents, to friends, to the gay

gay and flattering pleaſures of life—eh, mon Dieu! excuſe this weakneſs: I have been loſt to a much-beloved fair one, who was ſnatched from theſe arms, at the critical period, when connubial tenderneſs was ready to revel in our boſoms —a priſon opened its horrid jaw—and concealed this ill-fated being from the world—from that accurſed inſtant, I have been plunged in a region of darkneſs—no—not the ſmalleſt tidings, that relate to my family, have tranſpired to me—and, ah! too wretched mortal, that I am! they have been ignorant of my hapleſs deſtiny—I vaniſhed from the fond hope of my parents—I was torn from my Louiſa—but the eternal being will puniſh the offending mortal, and with his unerring ſcourge of juſtice, compel him to rue the black treſpaſs he has committed.

I am

I am as weak as a child when I relate my ſufferings—the rigour of captivity has ſhaken my manhood. I am rendered fragile with the embittered cup of ſorrow—the days of my youth have been blown away in anguiſh, and gaunt ſickneſs has prepared my tottering conſtitution for the grave."

If a moral reflection had not ſprung to my aſſiſtance, at this inſtant, I believe I ſhould have curſed my ſingular, curious diſpoſition, for engaging me in this affecting rencontre; or, have drawn the out-lines of his ſtory from him, without the minute pathos he was working upon me with. Thus fancy procured me a ſoulagement—and here let me remark to the world, the neceſſity of decking real feeling in the garb of fancy.—When you feel for real diſtreſs, treat it as I do; or, give me leave to aſſure you, Mr. World, there will be no great difference

rence between a ſtranger's calamity and your own better fortune.

It is a romance, thought I, written by an idle huſſey of a Lady's maid, waiting for the return of her miſtreſs from ſome midnight circle of diſſipation—or a dream —Why true—the actions of men are dreams—their woeful ditties—their pleaſing jubilees of happineſs are viſions—the real pang of to-day, is the unſubſtantial preſſure of the morrow—then, why turn my eyes from the intereſting plaintive look of the Count, or my ears from the harrowing ſound of his tale.

Twelve long years to have been debarred the light of the ſun, and all ſocial commerce with my fellow creatures, ſurely ought to dry up the organs of my ſoul;—ſuch a long courſe of ſuffering ſhould have made callous my feelings, and ſtern philoſophy ſhould have ſoared above

above this worldly wretchedneſs. Seneca ſays, " a long courſe of adverſity " has this good in it; though it mortifies " the body a great while, it comes to " harden it at laſt;"—but I have not found his reflection juſt: for, I am, at this inſtant, as weak as a child, and feel my ſufferings with the ſame acuteneſs as at the hour I was firſt initiated into them. —And we are all of us as weak as children, Mr. Le Comte, I replied; true it is, we do not grieve at the ſame infantine croſſes, that troubled us in our nurſes arms; but, we have habituated griefs, in ſpight of Seneca, which will render flexible our ſenſitive powers.—Ah, Monſieur, replied the Count, we are all of us ſubject to misfortunes, and moſt of us feel them—and there are ſome wretched beings ſingled out to feel a pre-eminent diſtreſs.—

I ſym-

I ſympathized with the dull gloom of his temper, and patiently waited a more cheerful return.

I arrived at a ſmall town in Picardy, continued the Count, in the year 1762, on my tour to the Netherlands. I undertook this tour at the ſolicitation of a much-loved father, who recommended this change of ſcene, to prepare my mind, for a repulſe I was to receive from the uncle and guardian, of a young Lady, with whom my father was negotiating a treaty of marriage.

In the courſe of my correſpondence with my father and my Louiſa, I found the marriage contract loſe ground daily, and a black ſtorm gathering a pace, which would, in all probability, ſoon burſt on ſome of the parties. Louiſa and myſelf ſeemed to be the devoted—

we

we were the only victims, who could poſſibly ſuffer in the cauſe. My Louiſa had a conſiderable fortune independent of her uncle, which he inſiſted ſhould be ſettled upon her and her children; plauſibly ſetting forth the imprudence of intruſting the ſame to youthful levity and extravagance — this, my dear father would have acquieſced in, if Louiſa had not conſidered the propoſal unjuſt, and the power of an uncle unlawfully manifeſted—knowing her right of adminiſtering in the particulars of her fortune, in the manner which beſt pleaſed herſelf, ſhe oppoſed with ſpirit this ſtrange reſolution of her guardian — in conſequence of my Louiſa's remonſtrance, my father proteſted againſt the ſtipulated terms in the contract.

The uncle of Louiſa was a financier for government, and held likewiſe ſome poſt in the *fermes*—he had veſted the

fortune of his ward, ever ſince her earlieſt infancy in a government fund; but it was, at this time, drawn from thence, and engaged in a contract for a ſupply of ſubſiſtence to the army. The guardian apprehenſive of being obliged to realize this fortune, for the accompliſhment of the marriage: and intereſt, which is too often the caſe, weighing ſtronger with him than a ſcrupulous regard to the exact principles of probity, made him reſolve on a rupture with my father, and to encourage the addreſſes of the young Count de M——, whoſe father was actually a compére with him in the tranſactions of the cabinet.

The Count de M—— was with his regiment, and on the change of our affairs was ſent for to Paris. The guardian of Louiſa turned the tables againſt us on his arrival, and ſoon won the Count's father into his terms.

My

My Louiſa, ſenſible of the inſurmountable obſtacle which had ſprung up, and to avoid on one ſide the ſophiſticated reaſons of her uncle to palliate his conduct, and the diſguſting love profeſſions and importunities of the young Count on the other, reſolved to fly from the deteſted ſcene into the unfortunate arms of her C—.

At a critical inſtant of deſpair, when I was muſing over a melancholy and affectionate epiſtle from my father on the fatal turn of our affairs, the lovely fugitive Louiſa entered my room—judge of the emotion my ſoul experienced—rapture in the extreme!—but, alas! it was only a prelude to an accumulation of uncommon misfortunes.—

Ah! Monſieur, we ſhould bear the reverſes, the intereſting changes of life

with placid meekneſs — we have little cauſe for exultation—great joy is oftentimes the harbinger of a ſevere contraſt of the paſſions; at leaſt, I have felt it—but I beg pardon for my dull morality: in ſhort, had a ſynod of angels reſolved on delegating ſupreme happineſs to a favoured mortal in this world, it was impoſſible for him to be more bleſſed than myſelf in the poſſeſſion of my Louiſa.

M E L L.

AT this intereſting period of the Count's ſtory, one of the Flanders horſes ſtumbled, and as nimbleneſs to recover a blunder of the kind is not the character of a Flemiſh horſe, he fell as ſuddenly on the ground, as if a cannon ball had ſhot his head off, and rolled grunting on his flabby ſide; the ropes, which ſerved for traces, were entangled round his confounded clumſy carcaſs, and before it was poſſible to clear the beaſt, by the aſſiſtance of a very alert poſtillion, we were obliged to cut them aſunder.—

I was not ſorry for this accident—the Count had arrived at a critical part of his ſtory—his face lengthened, and his voice faultered:—in ſhort, he claimed much too great a ſhare of my participating functions—I was moved, and the accident of this beaſt admitted of a friendly ſuſpenſion.—

This misfortune, cries the active poſtillion, looking on the right hand ſide of the road, puts me in mind of a much greater, which happened on this very ſpot, and in which I was a fellow ſufferer.—I believe, ſays he, that is the identical ditch, a confounded French bullet laid me ſprawling in.—How ſo, ſays I, my good friend?—I was a ſutler's boy, he anſwered, and followed with my father, the unfortunate Engliſh regiments, which ſuffered ſo much on this ſpot*; there,

* This place, where Blythe's regiment, and five others ſuffered ſo much by the French, is called Mell, from a religious edifice

there, ſays he, pointing to a little wood, two or three hundred yards diſtant from the ſpot, the Engliſh are buried.—But how came you to follow the Engliſh army? My father was a Dutchman, he replied, and ſold gin to the ſoldiers.

We ſoon aſcended our vehicle, and, as I found by the Count's features, that he was ſomething more braced for the continuation of his misfortunes, I encouraged him to proceed.

edifice by the road ſide. Theſe unfortunate regiments had juſt retreated from the battle of Fountenoy, and were on their march from their head quarters at Aloeſt to Ghent, when they were attacked by a ſtrong body of the French army in ambuſcade. The van guard of the Allied army was compoſed of the Queen of Hungary's huzzars, commanded by general Mulk, and ſuffered to paſs quietly; but when the main body of the Engliſh made its appearance, it received a fire of grape ſhot from fifteen pieces of artillery, and ſmall arms, planted on the turn of the road, to infilade the line of march — the ſlaughter may be judged of by the ſlain,—between ſix or ſeven hundred of our troops were killed on the ſpot.

Elated with the poſſeſſion of my Louiſa, I was hurrying out of my hotel for the preparation of the ſolemnity of our wedding; when, to my utmoſt ſurpriſe, I beheld an equipage drive paſt me into the yard, and recognized the uncle of Louiſa and the Count de M—— in it.—I had juſt time to run to Louiſa to prepare her for the incident—ſhe dropped ſenſeleſs on the ground.—I ſtood motionleſs over her, with an out-ſtretched arm for her relief—in this ſituation, the enemies of two unfortunate lovers burſt into the room—I was armed—and I was the protector of my Louiſa—of a woman, who had thrown herſelf into my arms, and I had ſealed that protection with the tendereſt love.—Let the man ſtand forth, who dared to rob me of the ſacred truſt.—I treated with contempt her purſuers threats, and I oppoſed their violence.—The Count de M—— dropped at my feet—the uncle of Louiſa was wounded

by

by my ſword—the houſe was alarmed, and crouds of people preſſed into the room.

In this critical ſituation ſhe was torn from me—and ſince that affecting, that melting inſtant of peculiar diſtreſs, theſe eyes have not beheld her—the ſad narration of her ſubſequent fortune, as if incloſed in the dark volume of myſterious fate, hath never been revealed to me.—Judge then, ye preſcient powers! who beam your wills on the pangs of the broken-hearted ſufferers of this world, what hath been my ſhare of woe—when I repeat it—Mon Dieu que je me ſuis attendri! and yet the world can produce ſtrange ſtoic philoſophers, to ridicule theſe poignant feelings of man.

I would down with them to the fiends, could I but find them, Monſieur le Comte—was my anſwer of ſympathy.

The

The Count in continuation. — The name of guardian to the Lady, and my youthful appearance, argued the cauſe too powerfully againſt me. The uncle produced a letter de cachet to the ſpectators, which he had procured to reſcue his niece, in caſe his attempt met with any obſtacle; and the Baſtile received the wretched lover of Louiſa—a priſon buried the living C—; perhaps, under whoſe abhorred walls, a broken hearted father has walked, unconſcious that his long-loſt ſon breathed but a few paces from him.

On the acceſſion of Louis XVI. and on the death of Louiſa's uncle; whoſe court influence prevailed ſo much againſt my liberty, I was releaſed.

At the inſtant I breathed the pure air offreedom, I flew to my father's houſe. My God! what an impatient agony of tranſport was raging within me.—I am at a loſs

a loſs how to paint the human heart on this event. — At my arrival, I found ſtrangers had occupied my paternal manſion—a thouſand fears oppreſſed my ſoul, yet balmy hope gave me courage.—I made enquiries after him, and found he had left Paris ſome years back, and reſided at Bruxelles.

Whenever I think of my Louiſa, O Sir! the moſt excruciating torment of mind unſtrings every ſinew of my manhood; and before I can take courage to make enquiries concerning her hiſtory, I muſt firſt pour out my ſorrows into the boſom of a long-loſt and ever-dear parent.—Helas! que dis je—I may have loſt that parent—time—time—thou art but too often an awful diſpoſer of the events of human life.—

Here I preached up the doctrine of Candide; and I may venture to ſay, it

was

was the only doctrine of Le Sieur Voltaire that ever operated any good.—

Though the emotion of the Count, in the recitation of his hiſtory, ſeemed rather ſuppreſſed by my argument; yet, he was unwilling to declare, that All was for the beſt.—I ſtill argued, but I could not convince him;—therefore to follow the beaten track of all argumentators before me, I beſtrode my friendly mule, and exclaimed—Yes, Mr. Le Comte, All is for the beſt; and all ſhall be for the beſt!—A few hours, replied the Count, perhaps, will ſoon determine the truth of Candide's philoſophy:—in ſhort, ſays he, you thus ſee me on my critical journey to Bruxelles.

The EXECUTION near ALOEST.

THE carriage was approaching Aloeſt, and the town in ſight, when I heard my little active poſtillion calling to his companion, On va faire la juſtice. —Looking forwards, I perceived a croud, and actually diſcovered the criminal.

In conſequence of the miſerable ſcene before us, the Count made ſome obſervations on the adminiſtration of juſtice at Aloeſt—that breaking on the wheel, hanging, and cutting off heads, were as familiar a ſight to the inhabitants, as the numberleſs executions are to Engliſh ſpecta-

ſpectators in the vicinity of Tyburn.—Eſt il vrai que vous Meſſieurs les Anglois pendent vos compatriotes comme vos chiens?—It is not the reſult of rigid juſtice, I replied, that executions are ſo common with the Engliſh.—Our capital is large; it is conſequently a lure for vice, and where a city is much peopled, the flagitious and well diſpoſed muſt be equally blended, and therefore frequent puniſhments neceſſarily take place;—beſides, Monſieur Le Comte, the Engliſh are not ſufficiently afraid of violating the laws of their country.

The Count ſhook his head and ſmiled—confeſſing that the Engliſh were a brave people; and, as they had ſo often exemplified their courage under their ſtandard in the field of battle, he readily believed the intimidations from juſtice might not have a ſufficient effect upon them—therefore, he conceived the Engliſh

liſh did not hang their countrymen like dogs, but that their native bravery was the unhappy conſequence of ſuch fatal effects. I bowed my head; returning thanks for the compliment.

See, ſays the Count, pointing with his finger to a large ſtone gallows near the road ſide, if I have not ſpoken truth of the magiſtracy of Aloeſt. Ce potence n'eſt pas menteur. One might fancy the town had been decimated by the number of bodies hanging upon it.

I ordered my Barouche to ſtop for the croud to paſs.—And what does this poor wretch ſuffer for? was my queſtion, to a decent odd looking quiz of a mechanic? —That Monſieur le Diable may have the ſatisfaction de combler Monſieur le Juge with a multiplicity of civilities, when he has the opportunity of being amuſed with the agrèmens of the lower regions,

was

was the anſwer.—The man did not look pert or preſuming; but reſting his hand on the chaiſe door, he told me in a more ſerious tone of voice, that it was a *trepas*, which did not reflect much honour on humanity; for the ſentence of the young man, was conſidered by the town in general, as the ſevereſt that had been paſſed theſe many years.—Nos Meſſieurs de la Robe, do not remain long in their conſultations about taking away a man's life. — 'Tis true, we have not many thieves, but we have many executions to deter them. Thou art, my friend, I thought, very ſevere on the Aloeſt judges: but as I was anxious for the departure of the Barouche, on account of the intereſting diſpatch of the Count, I hurried this friendly eſpouſer of an unfortunate man's cauſe, to the particulars of the execution.

It is for ſtealing a wretched coat, not worth the labour of a taylor's repair—le poû d'un guex ÿ prenant ſon ſejour auroit été diſgracé. I ſaw it myſelf, for I attended the trial.—Maudit ſoit la ſtratagême.—It was the coat of his maſter, with which he diſguiſed himſelf on a frolicſome viſit to his miſtreſs—malheureux tour dela jeuneſſe! the friends of the unfortunate girl not knowing the errand he came upon, conveyed him before the magiſtrate—his maſter ſwore to the coat—his diſguiſe was interpreted into the trick of a thief—it was in vain for the poor girl to plead in the behalf of her lover—the mercileſs judge had no compaſſion—but when the devil puts his hand to a piece of work, he generally compleats it in a maſterly manner; and what proves the truth of this ſaying is, they were to have joined hands the next day—their intended nuptials were proved by a miniſter, who

voluntarily depoſed the ſame in open court.—This, the over-ſighted judge conſidered as a trick to ſave the young man, and reſting the caſe on the certainty, that the coat was taken without the owner's leave, he found it ſufficient to hang him.—The youth, you ſee, muſt ſuffer; and the unhappy maid, his beloved, is now in convulſions, dying of grief and love, in the arms of her lamenting inconſolable friends.—

The Barouche drove off, and hurried from the gloomy ſight, a man, whoſe ſoul was miſerably tortured with pity and indignation.—

Had the tear trickled down my cheek at this event, would you, ye calm conſiderers of the events of human life, have called me weak and childiſh?

Stand

Stand forth, thou mortal! whoſe peculiar delight is found in the ſufferings of the wretched. — Say S——, would thy heart be elate with rapture, at the pangs of this unfortunate citizen of Aloeſt.

ALOEST.

GRAND Dieu que c'eſt affligeant le cas de ce jeune homme. — The Count forgot his twelve years impriſonment in the Baſtile—the groan of humanity awhile obliterated from his thought the preſent big moment of his life—I could have claſped the Count to my boſom.

I was not equal to the taſk—to ſuppreſs the throbbings of my own heart, and to prepare comfort for the Count was too much.—We both ſtood in need of relief; and here give me leave to obſerve,

obſerve, that the only alleviation which ſuggeſted itſelf, was a good application of a fleſh bruſh.—

Why a fleſh bruſh?

The animal ſpirits, which are impartially diſtributed throughout the frame, whenever we give way to the extreme of affection, on a ſudden grow ſtagnate, the blood becomes ſluggiſh, and all our organs of briſk animation are relaxed, it is then we benefit by a fleſh bruſh *—thus

* I have myſelf, in the caſe of a nervous diſorder, which, entre nous, is ſomething analagous to the caſe before us, greatly benefited by the friction of flannels.—This Dr. C—— preſcribed for me. —Indeed, this operation ſhould be more properly ſtiled compreſſion, than friction; be it ſaid, in honour to the ſagacious Doctor, that he recommends a gentle compreſſion of the members with flannel gloves, which hurries the blood in rampant courſes through the fine ducts and capillary veſſels. The operation of a fleſh bruſh is merely cutaneous; whereas, flannel compreſſion diffuſes the vis vitæ throughout the whole maſs.

we may phyſically account for the much-admired property of our hearts, and ſuſpend our veneration, when puling beings, like myſelf, covet praiſe for that virtue, which is only peculiar to the lazineſs of the blood, and not to the commendable quality of the brain — therefore, in proportion to the greater increaſe or decay of the animal ſpirits, the heart is elated to repel, or depreſſed to receive the feelings of miſery.—From this natural deduction of true cauſes to their concomitant effects, what a pleaſant circumſtance it would be to aſſert, that the ſteel-ſhod hearts of heroes may be acquired by a fleſh bruſh; and the relaxed organs of the nervous mortal, whoſe heart palpitates with grief, when the worm is trodden to death under his feet, be ſufficiently braced to receive the moſt horrid impreſſions of cruelty, without enduring the qualms of much pity and compaſſion.

But

But I found a ſuccedaneum for the fleſh bruſh—it was poſſible, that the ſtory of the mechanic might be exaggerated, and the Aloeſt judge have ſtudied the jus-gentium of Puffendorff. — Had the ſtory of the mechanic been exaggerated, why then the youth was not ſo great an object of my compaſſion.—Had the judge reaſoned from Puffendorf, his judgment might have borne the blame, and not the mercileſs quality of his nature *.

* Reſpecting the degree of puniſhment, conſidered in itſelf, humanity ſtrongly demands, as much as poſſible, the mitigation of it. But yet the welfare of the ſtate and public ſecurity, will ſometimes enforce an encreaſe of its rigour: when, for example, there be a neceſſity of ſtopping the courſe of a vice, which gains ground; or the ſuppreſſion of a crime, pernicious in the extreme to a community. But, in what ever manner, and for whatever reaſon, puniſhment is inflicted the fame ſhould be ſufficiently great to avert the intentions of men from the deſire of committing a crime, which their laws condemn.

PUFF. lib. ii. ch. xiii. § xvii.

Puffendorf and the mechanic alternatively occupying my thoughts, I entered Aloeſt better pleaſed than I expected.

As I drove into the town, I ſaw many people performing their daily avocations, with as much ſeeming unconcern, as if the ſolemn proceſſion that had juſt paſſed had been a common ſpectacle among them. — Why then, thought I, you are all of you a ſet of thieves, and there is no deterring you by example: and the Meſſieurs de la Robe may full as well amuſe themſelves with the baudy tales of Fontaine, as the ſublime equity of Puffendorf.

I expected every corner of the town would have thronged with curious inquiſitors, horrible narrators, and departing ſpectators.—All was huſh'd!—every citizen I caſt my eyes upon, ſeemed unconſcious, that Madam Juſtice had changed

changed her blunted ſword of mercy, for the ſharp pointed dagger of Aloeſt cruelty.

For Bruxelles—the day drizzling rain, the mechanic's ſtory true, and confirmed at the inn.—Uncertain whether the judge had read Puffendorf.—The Count horribly thoughtful—myſelf indiſpoſed with my old inſeparable hypochondriacal companion; and beſet, I believe, with every devil in the Pandemonium catalogue.—Fal deral la, tal deral la.—It is beyond the art of Dr. C——, and the fleſh bruſh, to relieve me—I am incurable.

It is a falſity—I was never in a better humour in my life, from the following incident.—A fig for Doctor C——, and his flannels.

A broad ſhouldered, and fat, chubby-faced poſtillion, who ſat next to us, broke the ſtring of his breeches waiſt-band—the bumping motion of the horſe hindered him from ſetting all to rights again;

again; ſo calling to his companion to ſtop, he attempted to alight.—The hind flap of the coat of the German poſtillions, is generally turned back in a military manner, with a hook and eye—this was the caſe with our poſtillion, who, partly from this circumſtance, found himſelf embarraſſed—for it was in vain to attempt turning his leg over the ſaddle, with his breeches in one hand, and his long whip in the other *, without running the hazard of laying his diſgrace bare to the eyes of the world.—However, he made the experiment, and his failure raiſed the vis vitæ in me and the Count, by producing a loud exploſion of laughter.

This naturally conveyed my eyes to the part ſo much admired in the Αφροδιτη Καλλιπυγη of the Greeks; but, I beſeech the reader,

* This prefixed ſketch of a German Poſtillion, which I took from life, may, perhaps, better explain the nature of the fellow's embarraſſment.

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G

reader, will not ſuppoſe, that I worſhipped the Flemiſh quality of Mynheer, with all the Attic elegance of the Antients; yet, I muſt confeſs, it appears extremely obvious, that, if a temple was dedicated to the breech of a Dutchman, and worſhipped by the hypochondriac tribe, that much they would benefit by the tutelage of this deity.—I ſpeak by experience.—But this is from my ſubject —allons.

Both Mynheers were hard at work—for the other poſtillion had deſcended to aſſiſt his companion. Juſt as the ſtring had perforated the hole of the band, the horſes ſprung forward. — Schwerenoth, ſays the aſſiſting companion, and flew to their head.—The frog in diſtreſs caſt a ſupplicating eye to the carriage.—Tie up the ſtring of thy breeches band; what indignity to an Engliſhman!—Go to the devil, and fumble all day, if you pleaſe.

A Jew

A Jew Pedlar paſſed by—he was beckoned to Mynheer in diſtreſs—Haw—haw—exclaimed Mynheer, well pleaſed, throwing up his coat flaps, and preſenting his rump to the Jew; it was covered with a pair of yellow ſhag breeches; and was of that huge circumference, which might aptly demand the deſcription of Milton's moon, viewed by the Tuſcan artiſt from the Feſſolian mount —it was, indeed, a moſt emphatical criterion of a true Dutch bottom—it was an honour to the proverbial ſaying of his country—his voucher of true Dutch breed; and had his Dutch blood been doubted, clapping his breech with his hand, he might have given the lie to all Europe.

All was ſet to rights, and Mynheer mounted his horſe—the Jew now approached us, and the poſtillion, to ſhew his

his gratitude, would not proceed till we had finally repulſed him.

No; thou art a rogue—away—thy tribe is always at enmity with the chriſtians, and thou art bent on impoſitions.—He underſtood my looks, and the poor fellow ſhrunk back—but thou art modeſt; and thou art induſtrious; thou doſt labour for thy bread,

That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;

I called the Iſraelite back—he preſented a drawer of trinkets to me—a barred onyx ring ſtruck my eye—reſolved to purchaſe ſomething, in compliment to Mr. Pope, I put three ducats into his hand, and the ring upon my finger.

It was a real antique intaglio, in the fine ſtile; the ſubject was Diomede in the act of ruſhing from the temple, with the

the Palladium in one hand, and his ſword in the other.—

Tydides ——, ſcelerumque inventor Ulyſſes
Fatale aggreſſi ſacrato avellere templo
Palladium, cæſis ſumma cuſtodibus arcis,
Corripuere ſacram effigiem.—

The ſubject was much eſteemed at Sparta, and by the many and various ſpecimens of it, appears to have been common throughout Greece.

The

The Jew Pedlar left us contented, as I ſuppoſe, with the thoughts of having made me a Chriſtian dupe; and I was pleaſed with the fancy of having profited by my dilitante knowledge; for I vainly conceited the ring to be worth no inconſiderable ſum, and that I had deceived a poor ignorant Jew.

BRUXELLES.

BRUXELLES.

AS ſoon as we arrived at the Maiſon-rouge, a hotel near the Montaigne de la Cour—the Count ſcarce allowed himſelf time to take leave of me—however, his empreſſement was natural.—He promiſed to acquaint me with the event of the day; and though I had no reaſon to doubt of the ſincerity of his intentions—yet, I confeſs I was inwardly much mortified, that I could not be preſent with him on the peculiar intereſting occaſion.—Pulling out of his pocket ſome papers, he demanded a Valet de Place; and with a moſt urgent bewildered look he left me.

The

The morning after my arrival, I waited with the greateſt impatience for a viſit from the Count, to hear the concluſion of his remarkable hiſtory—the day was far advanced, and I neither heard from, or ſaw, any thing of the unfortunate ſtranger—the diſappointment was great, and I could not be reconciled to it—to come acroſs a man, whoſe worldly ſituation was ſo critical—to hear from his own mouth, a narration ſo romantically circumſtanced, and, in ſome meaſure, to be a party concerned with him in the completion of the drama; putting theſe unique circumſtances together, is it not natural to conclude, that a man's expectations were raiſed to the great height that mine were; only for the ſake of rendering his diſappointment tenfold more gauling?

I ordered the hôte into my preſence—challenged the ſervants—and, in ſhort,

peſtered the whole houſe with my interrogations—but all could not avail—the Count had not been at the Maiſon Rouge.

Strolling up the Montaigne de la Cour, with my brain profoundly ruminating on the affairs of this foreigner, I preſently found myſelf at the gates of Prince Charles's palace—where ſtopping ſhort, I was recollecting the buſineſs I had come there upon.

I believe neither the philoſophy of the ſtoick Zeno, or the moral of Socrates, could have given my mind ſufficient energy to repel the acute diſappointment which I laboured under. I had come to ſee a curious ſpecimen of a Surinam toad, in the gallery of natural curioſities, and the extraordinary heterogeneous contact of a male rabbit and a hen, in the Prince's Managerie.

My

Surinam Toad

BRITISH MUSEUM

My ſoul was really depreſſed—I had no power to turn my thoughts on any thing but the Count; and juſt as I was going away from the gate with a reſolution to fly all over Bruxelles, and to make a general enquiry of the inhabitants, to find him out, I ſaw three ladies ſtepping out of a coach—methought I recollected the face of Madame ****, wife to General ****, of the Auſtrian ſervice, in the trio—ſhe was lively, ſhe was pretty—I followed them into the very gallery, which made part of the object of my promenade—they had likewiſe come to ſee curioſities.

I was not perfectly ſatisfied as to the perſon of Madame ****. However, it was certain, that I did not prefer the loathſome back of a Surinam toad * to

* The Surinam toad, has the extraordinary property of containing its young in ſmall valves on its back—it is commonly twice

the pretty face of a woman—gallantry forbid!—yet, I was unwilling to make my approaches before I was certain of my mark.

While I was viewing the animal, I found the ladies were viewing me, and I fancied, that the eyes of Madame **** looked ſomewhat inquiſitive; for, I now was certain ſhe was the ſame perſon—J'ai l'honneur de ſaluer Madame ****.

There is nothing in the world ſo agreeable, as the renewal of an acquaintance on the Continent; a perſon, in theſe caſes, is always certain of being more ſtrongly initiated into the good graces of the women.

twice the ſize of the largeſt ſpecimens of theſe creatures found in our iſland, and of a very dark brown colour. Since this was written, I have ſeen one in Sir Aſhton Lever's Muſeum.

What

What a whole legion of philoſophers, beating my pate with their quaint inſtructions, could not accompliſh, Madame ****, finiſhed at one ſtroke. To ſpeak the plain truth, and do honour to the candid confeſſion of a man, I really found, though my mind was as gloomy as Spencer's Cave of Deſpair, a certain power to remedy the evil — Madame **** gave me vigour to ſurmount the diſappointment—Why ſhould I ſay as Horace did *,

——— aliena negotia centum
Per caput & circa ſaliunt latus.

* There is ſomething very affected in frequent quotations from authors—it is a ſpecies of impertinence, which the world may cry out againſt—but we ſhould recollect, that unleſs one Jackanapes, can wink at another, all mankind would be ſet together by the ears.—Who is the man; who is not a coxcomb in ſome reſpect or other?

The affairs of other men peſter me on every ſide—but not the affairs of pretty women — looking full in the face of Madame ****, ſo if you have any reaſon to make uſe of my ſervices in the courſe of my travels, I ſhall be proud of your confidence. — While I ſtaid at Bruxelles, ſhe would be happy to ſee me, was Madame **** anſwer.

Beauty and female chat made me an inconſtant fool, which I believe is the caſe with half of us men—I forgot the unfortunate Count, and was very near forgetting Madame ****; for on a queſtion made in ſecret, to the gentleman who ſhewed us the room, touching this bipede and quadrupede, I was giving Meſdames the ſlip.

Enverité, ſays the Prince's naturaliſt, the eyes of Monſieur may vouch for it, the

the affair will be concluded in your preſence. — Tenés, ſays he, thruſting his hand before me, with a ring on his finger—cette bague n'eſt pas un bague antique, if it be not true. It was in vain to inſiſt that the Prince of Loraine was a jeſter, and had contrived this paſtime to circulate a laughable ſtory in his court — un conte a rire — or an amuſement for ſtrangers—the naturaliſt was poſitive in his aſſertions.

I expreſſed ſome difficulties about the women — n'importe, ſays he — it is no ſecret among the ladies—on me le demande ſouvent — but he aſſured me he would draw them aſide — ſo while Madame **** and the young ladies were amuſed in a corner of the room, he gave me the wink, and I was preſently in the garden.

I was ſcarcely conducted to the ſpot by the keeper, when I obſerved one of the young ladies tripping down the walk, followed by Madame **** and the other, with the Prince's naturaliſt, who brought up the rear.

Monſieur doit avoir quelque choſe trés precieuſe, ſays Madame ****, and they all burſt out a laughing. Female curioſity is not ſoon ſatisfied — Madame **** looked at the ſpot where the keeper and myſelf were ſtanding — and giving me a ſignificant ſmile, ſhe exclaimed—Ah! je devine l'émpreſſement de Monſieur.

This threw me into an awkward embarraſſment.

Madame **** had ſeen this gigga gallante.

It is ſhameful for any man to ſay he is petrified with mauvaiſe honte, eſpecially when he is in company with ladies, who are willing to encounter occurrences, ſo critical in point of delicacy: but had it not been for an encouraging ſmile from Madame ****, which at that inſtant brought to my mind the preciſe difference of ſentiment and manners between the foreign ladies and my own countrywomen, nothing could have ſaved me from an ill-bred confuſion, which is deemed a perfect rudeneſs among them.

Que c'eſt comique, replied Madame **** — trés comique, I anſwered — enverité c'eſt ſingulier — c'eſt fort ſingulier — c'eſt amuſant — c'eſt trés amuſant.—I told Madame **** that it was a circumſtance repeated by all the world, and moſt people loud on the truth of it; but I, who had not as yet a teſt

teſt of ſo extraordinary a circumſtance, rather doubted its reality.

The naturaliſt aſked me if I was ſatisfied—I anſwered, that every thing was conducted on the moſt plauſible and moſt ſpecious footing; that I could be no ſceptic as to the feat itſelf—mais que Monſieur, avoit ſes doutes, as to the poſſibility of any thing reſulting from ſo ſtrange an union.

I was then ſhown three or four young Frizeland chicks *, which the naturaliſt aſſured me were the produce—Madame **** took inconceivable pains to

* Theſe chickens are ſhewn as the produce of a rabbit and hen—by the inverted poſition of the feathers, and the quantity of down upon them, joined with the peculiarity of their appearance altogether, they might paſs in the eyes of the credulous ignorant, as a palpable inſtance of ſuch a ſingular copulation.

to perſuade me into a belief—I ſtill aſſerted my doubt, and inſiſted on the impracticability of it—ſo taking Madame **** by the hand, and my congé of the Prince's naturaliſt, we aſcended one of the walks, when I had an opportunity of making Madame **** my convert.

—But we, Madame, we who are rational beings, can, by virtuous reſolutions, ſuppreſs the infirmity———

Madame **** did not well comprehend me.

Non obſtant, ſays ſhe, Monſieur a raiſon, car c'eſt mon avis que la loi naturelle ne doit jamais être renverſée.

On my return from this morning's promenade, Madame **** dropped me at the Maiſon Rouge; I had juſt entered my

my room, when a note was put into my hands—it required very little divination to make out the writer — my emotion was great, when I opened it—it was to this purport :

" The Count de C— laments the im-
" poſſibility of waiting on Monſieur—
" and being ſenſible that the intereſt
" which he has been pleaſed to take in
" his misfortunes, demands every cor-
" dial return on his ſide, he greatly
" regrets the want of opportunity to
" demonſtrate the ſame. As the calm and
" tranquil ſcenes of life can have no
" pleaſures for a man, whoſe heart is
" broken by reiterated ſhocks of diſ-
" treſs, he is now preparing to enter on
" a military career, in the ſervice of a
" northern power, where the active
" ſcenes of his profeſſion may tend in
" ſome meaſure, to diſſipate the gloomy
" temper of his mind. His reſolution

" is

" is taken; and the only prayer he has " now to beg of Monſieur —— is, that " he will drive from his memory, the " exiſtence of a being, ſo wretched, ſo " peculiarly unfortunate as the Count " de C——."

The great and intereſting outlines of this man's life had ſo much taken poſſeſſion of my thoughts, that I was determined, if poſſible, to loſe no time to hunt after him, to acquire the ſucceeding materials of his unhappy hiſtory: but being apprehenſive of learning more of a melancholy narrative, that moſt probably would relax my heart-ſtrings in a greater degree; and, by gleaning more and more from the unfortunate occurrences of his life, of metamorphoſing the tender pang of ſympathy, into the firm and intereſted bond of a diſtreſſing friendſhip, which but too often renders man a party concerned in a train of afflictions;

flictions; and as I once before obſerved, draws but a thin partition between our own and a ſtranger's misfortunes; I was therefore deſirous of dropping the curtain on this ſtage of woe.

Here let it fall.

And you, ye ſouls of mutual ſenſibility! whoſe hearts bleed warm, when the tale is told of the children of the wretched, ſeek not for woes too powerful for your milky tenderneſs, leſt in ſtruggling with the ſoft and amiable virtue, ye grow ſtern philoſophers, and the dew drop pity change for cold indifference.

CONVER-

CONVERSATION.

At the Prince de L——'s

WHAT generous, unthinking mortals, you Engliſhmen are! ſays the Prince. Que diable vous aûtres Meſſieurs ſachent ſe derober des embarras trés ſerieux même, when a foreigner, let him be ever ſo amiable, from any other country in the univerſe, would ſmart very ſeverely for his étourderie. 'Tis ſtrange, that all of you ſhould have a kind of faſcination on your firſt arrival among us, qui tout d'un coup vous fait des protéges. I was the other day on a frolic in the ſtreets of Amſterdam, when a watchman dragged me to a houſe of police, where I remained all night,

night, and probably ſhould have repented of my boyiſh prank, if mere chance had not whiſpered to Mynheer, that the Prince of L—— could get drunk, and play the fool, as well as the reſt of the world—tho', you Engliſhmen, are continually in theſe ſcrapes, you have the art of getting out of them much better than we can. Mais par raport au Chevalier —— c'eſt un étourdi magnifique et plein des inventions qui font honneur à ſa nation.

Mon Prince, it ſeems, had long revolved in the orbit of an unrivalled etourderie aimable, and hearing of a Britannic phenomenon, Sir ——, he ſeemed greatly mortified, that in all the catalogue of his ſprightly inventions of gaiety, he could not equal the following happy extravagant deſign of the Baronet, which had raiſed him to popularity, and made him much talked of in all the ſocieties of Bruxelles.

The

The BARONET at Bruxelles.

SIR —— had arrived with his bear-leader, and a train of domeſtics and equipage, as grand and ſuperfluous as an Eaſtern monarch.

Soon after his arrival, he gave a moſt profuſe entertainment to a brilliant circle of figurantes and theatrical p—s—and it was at this feſtival, that Engliſh oſtentation, folly and profligacy, were eternized in the town of Bruxelles.

The day was ſacred to ſome ſolemn rites of the Catholic church. Burgundy and champaign conſpired to open at once, his invention and the ſtrings of his purſe. —Prieſts arrayed in their rich and holy

veſtments, ſeveral monaſtic orders, male and female, with a powerful column of white-robed attendants, joined with an infinite number of the populace, ſome officiating in the ſolemnity, and ſome as idle lookers on, made up the proceſſion. Banners were flying, timbrels ſounding, tapers blazing, holy men and women chaunting; ſinners telling their beads, enthuſiaſtic perſons religiouſly gaping; and every window crowded with ſpectators, who in pious fervour were waiting the approach of this grand ceremony.

At the critical inſtant, when the congregation was paſſing under the window, the high-plumed Baronet, having previouſly provided a ſtore of the ſmall ſilver current ſpecie of the country, and throwing it in handfuls among the proceſſioniſts, a general ſcramble took place. Prieſts in their emblazoned robes, recol-

lets

lets with their breviaries in their hands, and immaculate females, were ſeen rolling over and over in the ſtreet, moſt heinouſly bemired — numbers to avoid the ruſhing fury of the populace, were obliged to take to their heels; and ſlander ſays, ſome of the votaries caſt the burning taper of Catholic ſuperſtition from their hands, to ſecrete ſome of the Baronet's ſquandered treaſure.

However ſpirited and nationally characteriſtic this manœuvre of the Baronet's may have appeared in the eyes of the leſs diſcerning, I am ſorry to ſay, the impreſſion which it made on the minds of the reſpectable and reaſonable part of the inhabitants on the Continent, who alone ſtamp the true character of perſons, greatly hurt the Engliſh in general.

There was a time, and I remember that time, when the characters of my

countrymen were idolized by foreigners—but now, from the diſſipated turn of many of our young men of fortune, who travel for the tinſel of mere parade, whoſe affected glare of careleſs extravagance, holds them up as objects of ridiculous folly, for foreigners to concert their chicaneries upon; and who only deride the gooſe they are ſtripping of its feathers: now, I ſay, we all of us are held cheap by men of true worth, and grinned at by the very meaneſt of the people. It was from this conſideration, I was inclined to addreſs a ſerious diſcourſe to Engliſh travellers — experience has confirmed me in the truth of it: and, I make no doubt, but they who have had the ſame opportunities to make reflections on the ſubject, will acknowledge the candid expoſition which it contains.

A SER-

A

SERMON

TO

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS.

"*O magnus poſſhac inimicis riſus!*"

HORACE Sat. ii. lib. ii.

WHEN your equipages arrive in a town on the Continent, the raſcals of trades-people, and much greater knaves of inn-keepers, are laying plans to plunder you; and troops of famiſhed wretches, devoted to any office that travellers think proper to employ them upon, like ſtarved Tyrolian wolves prowling for rapine, ſurround you on every

ſide—for they conceive your riches to be immenſe, and your *oſtentatious extravagance* ſtill more exceſſive: they firſt flatter you on the known liberality of your character as Engliſhmen, and then they ſubſcribe in the moſt ſervile manner to all your abſurd ridiculous caprices. The police and ſhop-keepers have in pay the ſcoundrels of lay-lackays, who ſurround your hotels; the former to learn your hiſtory (perhaps) from your thick-headed looby of an Engliſh valet, who probably may ſmatter juſt enough of the language, to perplex you on all occaſions; and the latter, to cozen you in their *boutiques*, where you pay cent. per cent. more than the natives. The inhabitants of diſtinction invite you into their circles to filch you at their card parties.—A pert coquet, of ſome beauty and faſhion, ſhams an intrigue with you, to wheedle you to loſe your money at piquet; who, while you are racking your

your imagination to tell her ſome dull ſtory, and to play off ſome piece of gallant witticiſm, is counting her game, and under the maſk of nonchallant badinage, ſtudying how to capot you. You ſuffer your purſes to be drained with a grace, in hopes of acquiring the name of Madame's bien aîmê; while the huſſey ſmiles at your bad imitation of foreign intrigue, and ſupremely ridicules your Engliſh *fadaiſe*. She will admit you at her toilet in the morning when you may ſee her in *diſhabille*; and, becauſe the cuſtoms of your country are more diſcreet and becoming than foreign ones, you fancy, that a naſty creature's dreſſing room, will furniſh you with a ſtory, to diſplay your gallantry when you return from your travels.

Men, who have been trained from their earlieſt infancy, under the hands of a

friſſeur, to wear their bags, ſolitaires, and brocades, with magnanimous dignity, look contemptuouſly on your affected eaſe in the manœuvres of your ſnuff boxes, and your awkward carriage in ſporting your perſons.

Do not, therefore, my dear countrymen, when you travel for improvement; and when you ſhould travel as reſpectable repreſentatives of a body of people; who, as long as ever civil ſociety has been known to flouriſh, have been courted and eſteemed, do not attempt to imitate any other nation than your own; you have virtues and refinements among yourſelves, ſufficient to render you compleatly amiable as men; and underſtandings, to put you on an equality with the moſt enlightened of mankind: in ſhort, you have talents within yourſelves, when properly exerted, which command the eſteem of all the world: let the end then

then of your viſits among foreigners be, to enhance the bleſſings of your own country; to glean that ſpecies of information, which may teach you how to prize the comforts you poſſeſs at home; and by learning the diſtinct qualities of men, to ſecure to yourſelves private happineſs, that may laſt you all your lives; to bring back with you the laws of different empires; politics to ſerve your king in a national exigency; improvement in the arts to benefit your countrymen; and an univerſal benevolence to carry you through life without rubs to yourſelves, and with happineſs to thoſe who have any commerce with you. Suffer not the light character of Frenchmen, the abſurd hauteur of the German Baron, of the ſixteenth generation, or, the vain-glorious inſolence of a romantic Italian, to brand you with ridicule.—If you perceive virtues in either, that will mend your hearts, or be of national benefit

nefit in the application of them to your country at large—treaſure them in your memory: but leave their vices where they were firſt engendered, to ſecure to you that aſcendency you have always had over them: for, by theſe exotic acquiſitions, you return home with a poiſon more fatally adminiſtered than by the hands of your enemies;—and which, in ſucceeding commotions with your neighbours, will be a remote conqueſt, which you have drawn upon yourſelves. Show yourſelves therefore liberal, but avoid the character of magnificent fools; whoſe greatneſs is only manifeſt in the ſuperior faculty of ſquandering riches, more profuſely than the natives you are aſſociating with.

I have ſeen you laughed at, and my heart has bled for you. I have ſeen, when your backs have been turned, an inſolent foreigner ſpeak with contempt of

of you, who has flattered you with a moſt egregious irony of praiſe before your faces. Aſſert your ſolidity of character, and even your deficiencies in the agrèmens, with an Engliſhman's dignity. Conſider your characteriſtic qualities in a phyſical ſenſe; do not balance them againſt thoſe of the foreigner; and, believe me, that your natural character, joined with your early and ſubſtantial educations, will make you ever reſpected. —But O, my countrymen! ſuffer not your fame to be tarniſhed with the affected imitation of foreign buffoonery, and the curſed folly of boaſted extravagance.

There was a remarkable circumſtance in the courſe of the Baronet's ſojourn at Bruxelles, which rather puzzled me.—

All

All the world ſpoke of this dragon of extravagance, and no-body had ſeen him in the circles; all the beſt families were echoing his name, and the Baronet had not made his *entré* among them.—As foreigners conclude that Engliſhmen are always acquainted with each other, however degrees or diſtance may vary, I was generally pitched upon to anſwer the charges that were laid againſt him. I was indeed, curious myſelf, to ſee the Britiſh Worthy, and one morning I paid him a viſit; when the following converſation reſolved the myſtery.

ENGLISH CONVERSATION.

OUR converſation having ſoon ſettled the places through which we had travelled, and the limits of our intended tours, we began upon Bruxelles. The Baronet ſaid, he was informed of three circles

circles of the Nobleſſe at Bruxelles, and, that the etiquette confined a man to one only;—for if, ſays he, you have been introduced to the firſt, it is impoſſible you can ſhew your face in the ſecond or in the third; and if preſented in either of the latter, it would for ever ſeclude a perſon from the firſt.—Now what plan do you think I have adopted (looking extremely quaint and arch all the time) ſo as not to treſpaſs againſt the laws of this etiquette, and not offend the nobility in either circle? I viſit neither—ah! —ah!—ah!—heartily laughing at his own joke.

This court, ſays the Baronet, was intended, for my firſt exhibition, in formal congies and full dreſſes; preparatory to which, I received a packet of letters from an old cat of an aunt, voluminous enough to have contained the correſpondence of a plenipotentiary at ſome foreign

foreign court—they were moſtly introductory one's on my tour; but, in particular, to the principal nobility of this place, among whom ſhe had reſided a great part of her virgin life. But, as her dearly beloved Charley, was only to copy their foreign grimaces and buffooneries, which were moſt carefully and verboſely exemplified in one of theſe epiſtles, I thought proper to make ſome alterations in the plan myſelf. This epiſtle contained matter ſufficient for a quarto volume—ſcraps of ſentences from Lord Cheſterfield, her own remarks and opinions, advices in the company of the grand monde, punctilio's of honour, ſympathetic plaiſter for wounds, receipt for an excellent waſh ball, with almoſt the whole materia medica, in caſe her dearly beloved nephew ſhould fall ill on the road—but among all her receipts, I could not find a ſpecific for an empty purſe—ah!—ah!—ah!—and what reſolution

lution do you think I have taken?—perhaps, to throw all her admonitions and introductory letters into the fire.—Very good; anſwered the Baronet—but ſtill better—I have voted Bruxelles a moſt peſtiferous boar. So I, and my friend, propoſe ſetting off for Paris on a prodigious jolly plan—this will be extremely funny—won't it? Vaſtly ſo, I replied—but do you not riſk the paying dear for this jolly plan as you call it, by hurting yourſelf in the eyes of your friends in England.—'Shaw—I fear nothing on that head—there is a tolerable portion of ſea between us.—Very true, Sir; but if they be capricious in their remittances?—Why then, replies the Baronet (looking extremely cunning, while he was pouring out a glaſs of wine) I will offer a libatory health to little Ephraim, near the Poſt-office, in Lombard-ſtreet, and receive my money of a certain friend ſomewhere elſe.—I have ſettled this be-

fore-

fore-hand, or mercy on my grand tour expedition.

So, ſo, Sir! I exclaimed inwardly; this is refinement in extravagance, with a vengeance!—What deliberate profligacy! and ſo young too! mercy defend us!—connected with Jews—the times!—the times!—

In ſhort, from this morning viſit, I was no longer ſurprized, that our neighbours the French, the Germans, the Italians, treat us with ſuch open effrontery; and inwardly laugh at our diſſipated youth, who travel among them—

On a party with Sir ——— and his tutor, to Mr. Varelſt's cabinet, we were viewing a picture of the Virgin, by Rubens;

bens; which was fixed very low for ſo large a deſign, and which ſtood in a receſs at the end of his gallery, with a glaſs door before it. Great maſter! vaſt execution! powerful effect! what excellence! what patient toil to arrive at ſuch ſuperior ſkill! and what a genius to give ſuch brilliancy to ſo much ſcience and labour! theſe were my expreſſions, when I turned to the Baronet's Tutor. I was waiting for his reply, which, I was in hopes, would have echoed accordantly to the pleaſing veneration which I entertained for this artiſt's memory. Cold, and unparticipating in my fervour, did this bear-leader caſt his ſullen eyes on the picture—after viewing it for ſome little time, with all the majeſty of a grim pedagogue of a college, he ſlowly made his comment—"it's a daub—the man was "painting for money, and not for fame—"the Virgin is the portrait of Rubens's "kitchenwench—there is no ſublimity in

" the compoſition: and, inſtead of having " a religious veneration for the mother of " Chriſt, I ſhould be thinking of the " fiſh market at Antwerp." Why then, thought I, you are a jog trot connoiſſeur, and a mere retailer of the flat and common-place remarks on this great maſter.

But, Sir, the critics on Rubens miſtake his excellence, and I am ſorry to find you are one of them. Beauty, Sir, ſhould be conſidered in two points of light, in a phyſical ſenſe, and according to the faſhion of the times. When the fine arts of Greece had arrived at their zenith, it was the taſte of the age to admire the graceful folds of a ſimple drapery, on the ſlender and delicate well-turned member.—The ſculptor chizelled this imaginary excellence, and by his exquiſite proportions, the reſult of his conſummate ſtudy and application, has ſtood unri-

unrivalled. After-times have made ſuch improved and accurate repreſentations of nature a deciſive law in taſte. Painters, like the reſt of men, have each a particular idea of beauty, which ſometimes may be corrected by ſtudy, or varied by the prevailing faſhions of the age: hence ſuch a difference ſo generally ſeen in their works. Probably Rubens was ſenſible, that the Greek model was the true ſtandard of taſte; and, in all likelihood, would have made that his ſtudy, had not his own, and the prevalent taſte of the age, induced him to that method of ſelf-recreation, which ſo ſtrongly characteriſes his pencil: if he had ſtrictly followed the Grecian outline, he muſt have ſtood unrivalled. In the age of Elizabeth, it was the faſhion to die and powder the head red; in Charles the ſecond's reign, to wear black wigs. Pai ters were obliged to follow this taſte. Perhaps, in the time of Rubens, ſome

Flemiſh Lady, of high rank and exuberant plumpneſs, had given riſe to this faſhion — be this as it may, though a Painter may give into the abſurdity; he may, notwithſtanding, diſplay infinite excellence in his works; and, in reſpect to true taſte, be no convert either to his own capricious ideas of beauty, or the prevailing beauty of the times.

But beauty, Sir, is centered in the imagination, and painters, like the reſt of men, have each a peculiar idea of a woman's contour—Sir Peter pleaſed his fancy, and was in the right of it—perhaps, the redundant ſwell of fleſh and blood was the particular gout of the artiſt, and perfectly congenial to his opinion of a woman's beauty—as he honoured fleſh and blood, he honoured nature, and therefore has copied what he thought her excellence.

The

The divine Tutor, for by the bye he was clerical—declared himſelf a man of taſte, and throwing himſelf prodigiouſly on his centre, burſt forth with,

——— amphora cæpit
Inſtitui, currente rotâ, cur urceus exit.

" Rubens had the deſign of a Virgin of " heavenly inſpiration in his mind, to be " all grace, and of angelic mould; but, " alas! what has the pencil produced—a " Dutch butter firkin; or,"

——— ut turpiter atrum
Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne;

" Thoſe beauties which he pencilled, are " preciſely in this ſtile—he begins with a " woman in the upper parts; but when he " proceeds to the concluſion, he verifies " the adage in the tail, by Dutch fiſhi-

" neſs, a prepoſterous mound of fleſh " and blood."

As the Tutor had given me a box on the ear with a Claſſic, I endeavoured to return the compliment.

Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignoviſſe velimus.

If there be any fault, it is the fault of the Dutchman, not of the artiſt—Rubens was enamoured with the ſuperabundant fleſhineſs of his goddeſs.—Turn your eyes from the kitchen-wench—wink at the imaginary defect—behold other beauties. " I ſee none. But there!—there!" ſays the Tutor, pointing to a cluſter of naked nymphs, painted by Polenburg*; " there," ſays he, " is excellence!"—" What hideous " rough pencilling, to this inimitable re- " preſentation of human nature, ſo exqui- " ſitely

* A painter famous for ſmall figures.

" ſitely wrought by the hand of man !—
" ſee what peculiar delicacy !—Surely,
" Sir, you muſt have little taſte to admire
" Rubens before Polenburg"—I aſked the Tutor to define taſte.

" Taſte, Sir, is a pleaſure, which a man
" derives from the objects he is ſurvey-
" ing."—I aſked the Tutor the meaning of taſte, and what were its conſtituents.—He waved a reply, and referred me to Gerard, D'Alembert, and Mr. Burke's Sublime and Beautiful. I gave him to underſtand, that no man was privileged to decide upon taſte, or even permitted to have any taſte at all, unleſs he comprehended its meaning, and had knowledge ſufficient to acquire it. By your argument, it ſhould ſeem, that no man had a right to pleaſe himſelf, replied the Tutor.—He waxed warm, and called my reaſoning tyrannical.—I politely begged to explain myſelf, and to point out to him

the neceſſary qualities of taſte; aſſuring him, that true taſte was founded on knowledge; that it was gleaned by experience, and ripened by comparing works of inferior merit to ſuperior excellence; ſo, that by comparing the works of a ſubaltern artiſt, with thoſe of one of high note, a parallel can be drawn between them, and thus the criterion of true taſte exemplified.—There are blockheads, who are ſo bounded in their ideas, that they have no faculties to judge of the fac ſimile of Nature *;—but, men of a juſt perception, who are in ſearch after

* I am ſenſible, that imitations of Nature, in many reſpects, are eſteemed flat and taſteleſs, by the generality of artiſts—it is my opinion, that this kind of taſte, ſhould be conſidered in a phyſical and unlimited light—the ideas of men vary—all men have not the ſame conſideration of refined beauty. Rembrandt, Teniers, and Oſtade, courted the groteſque—Michael Angelo, the viſionary, and the extreme excellence in nature. The majeſtic Raphael, the ſimple beauty of the Greek model. Science has been diſplayed in all theſe maſters—but true taſte only centered in the latter.

after taſte, conſider, if the painter has done juſtice to the model he copies. Their knowledge varies according to the greater or leſſer nicety of comparing excellence with inferiority; hence degrees in taſte—hence degrees in artiſts.—Nature is ſtrongly conſpicuous in Rubens—Nature may be conſpicuous in Polenburg;—but the ſcience of the one greatly exceeds that of the other: and here it is, that the ſuperior merit of the artiſt is to be found. Rubens ſtudied both the great and intricate beauties in his model—here an arm, in the act of muſcular force, ſhews animation — the muſcles ſwelled—the ſinews conſpicuous—arteries diſplayed—the limb boldly executed upon a large ſcale; and every the minuteſt part delineated, with ſuch accuracy, that the ſkilful anatomiſt wonders, when he is not able to diſcover a fibre miſplaced, or a nerve unnaturally exerted.

exerted.—Thus a freſh ſcience is learnt, for the more perfect finiſhing of the grand deſign of the painter; while an artiſt, like your favorite Polenburg, in the inſignificant petiteſſe of his ſubject, apologizes for his want of ſkill in anatomy, by his pigmy imitations of Nature—his ſcience can be no ways conſpicuous in detail, as the repreſentation is too ſmall for this maſterly obſervance; but let your own judgment decide on the excellencies of this great artiſt, and you muſt allow, that as he exceeded the other in the magnitude of his deſigns, ſo this magnitude has given him an opportunity of diſplaying his ſuperior knowledge of, and ſkill in delineating, the ſtructure of the human figure; and as perfection in the artiſt, cannot be attained but by conſummate induſtry and experience; ſo, that diſtinguiſhing judgment of the particular excellencies and beauties of the production, which we call taſte in

a Con-

a Connoiſſeur, can be formed only by long and reiterated obſervation on Nature herſelf, as well as on different imitations of her. Now as Rubens diſplays ſo much greater a portion of ſcience than Polenburg, I muſt always conjecture, the man who admires the former in preference to the latter, to be an incompetent judge: and in conſequence, it is my opinion, that every man ſhould doubt the juſtneſs of his taſte, unleſs he has ſcientifically ſtudied the merits and demerits of the artiſt whom he criticizes.

But he ſhould have admired the Greek, the Greek, Sir, ſays the Tutor. —I rather loſt my patience, but reſolved to attack my diſputant with his own weapons, who I knew had only taken up the argument, to juſtify the common received opinion of this maſter's criticks;

I grew

I grew obſtinate, and aſſerted, that Rubens did abſolutely ſtudy the Greek model: and, that it was from his enthuſiaſtic veneration for the beauties in that famous marble of the Venus de belles Feſſes, which ſo much bewitched this great maſter in favour of his bulky beauties.

This Venus, enamoured of her beautiful form, gazed upon it.—The enraptured painter, not confining his admiration in certain regular bounds, rather exceeds the model. He is bewitched by the Grecian beauty contemplating the fair protuberance of her delicate body; and he thinks it impoſſible to have too great a portion of this Athenian excellency in his works. As Michael Angelo, from his cloſe imitation of the great in Nature, fell into an exceſs of his art; ſo,

ſo, Rubens may have fallen into the like delirium, and produced his large poſteriors, by the effect of his profound labour and ſtudy.

But, Sir, when you obſerve this Venus, you will find, by a peculiar caſt of her eyes, that ſhe has taught ſubſequent ages, where the partial attention of the ladies is directed. In the ſixteenth century, it was faſhionable to loſe the waſte in an elevated pelvis. A dreſs was invented to favour this prevailing taſte—it was eſteemed lovely—the pride of the ladies—the men admired—and painters flattered the rage of the times.—The preſent age has taken up this charming criterion; every woman is enamoured of her dear b—m fiddle—cork protuberances are invented, and the waſte ſhortened in accommodation of this valuable article. It is all

from

from the Greek! the Greek! the dear delightful Greek!" *

"But, Sir, what will you ſay of the King "of Pruſſia, who only prefers the artiſt, "whoſe works he is beſt pleaſed with? he "laughs at the rules of taſte; he only "judges by his ſenſes." I muſt then ſay, that his majeſty is a better judge of the diſcipline of his army, than a fine painting—it is obvious he can have no pretenſions to taſte; and, unleſs he has ſcience in the works of a painter—what right has he to pleaſe himſelf at the expence of real merit, and take to himſelf a taſte which he is not qualified for? "Not pleaſe himſelf!" No, Sir, not pleaſe himſelf;—for if he pleaſes himſelf, by deciding on the merit of an artiſt, who has

* For the better illuſtration of my argument, I have given a plate of the Venus de belles Feſſes—a Dutch woman of the ſixteenth century—and a lady of the preſent age.

has no claim to excellence in his works, and therefore conceits himſelf to have a taſte, which is injurious to men of parts, who alone are encouraged by the ſmiles of ſuch a great potentate; I ſay, he has no right to pleaſe himſelf; for that pleaſure is a miſtaken pleaſure, which is founded on ignorance; the judgment is erroneous in this caſe, and no man ſhould value his errors in judgment; "By "your leave, Sir, the King will cer-"tainly pleaſe himſelf, if he thinks pro-"per."—Very true; but under theſe circumſtances, I think he is not entitled to that pleaſure, ſince all great men in power ſhould know how to diſtinguiſh ſuperior talents; but, as for his taſte, I do not value it before the taſte of the tall grenadier at the door of his palace; and I would have all painters of eminence ſhun the auſpices of ſuch ignorant umpires.

The

The Tutor looked at the picture of Rubens — attempted to ſpeak — but ſtammered out — " Not pleaſe him- " ſelf !—not pleaſe himſelf !" he again repeated.

Mr. Varelſt with the Baronet approached us juſt at this criſis; and as I was ſneaking to another part of the room, with ſome deſign on this malade imaginaire,—I left them gazing at the picture of Rubens: and if I could judge by the Tutor's geſtures, I thought him in plaudits on this fine picture of the Virgin.

Strange—ſtrange are the rapid changes in the mind of man!

Mr. Varelſt ſeemed animated at the Tutor's remarks; and as I thought his attitude, not unfavorable to carry away with

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MR VARELST.

BRITISH MUSEUM

with me his peculiar vera effigies, I pulled out my pencil, and ſcratched off the annexed phyſiognomy *.

I was preſently joined by Mr. Varelſt, whom I found in the warmeſt eulogium on the ſuperior taſte of the Tutor—declaring, that his veneration for Rubens exceeded every thing he had heard; and ſo great ſeemed the favour, which he acquired in the opinion of this ſingular hypochondriac, that he was invited by him to take his ſoup at his houſe the day following.

* It is remarked of this Gentleman, that he never varied his dreſs; which conſiſted of a ſilk bed gown, with a girdle; a white night cap with a ribbon round it, and a tuft of rich Bruxelles lace, on the ſummit; a cravat, with the ſame kind of lace at the knot; and his ruffles, which he always wore, were very rich of the ſame quality. This Gentleman, I was credibly informed, had not ſtirred out of his houſe for fourteen years when I ſaw him; being, from an extraordinary prepoſſeſſion, apprehenſive, that the open air would prove fatal to him.

On the Road to MAESTRICHT from LOUVAIN,

In Company with an Engliſh Colonel.

Navita de ventis, de tauris narrat arator,
Enumerat miles vulnera, paſtor oves.

PROPERTIUS, Lib. iii.

EH! why then my conjectures are right—it muſt be ſo—it is a tumulus—we are certainly travelling on the via militaris of the Romans.—Indeed, my dear Colonel, I thought ſo—you know it was my opinion, the very inſtant we made the turning from the Louvain road—ſee, how it is raiſed!—What perſevering, what ſtupendous labour!—What a monument of their fame, of their grandeur,

deur, of their extenſive conqueſts!—This warlike, ſagacious people, always occupied the higheſt grounds to guard againſt ſurprize.—Charming veſtige! We are certainly not far from their caſtrum, this muſt lead us to it, depend upon it.

The Romans under Vocula carried on a haraſſing and fatal war in theſe parts againſt the Germans, who were commanded by Civilis. Tacitus is fine in the deſcription of this war.—What a delightful field to range in! What charming food for a liberal mind! Let us for a while paint our ideas with the inſtructive colouring of antiquity, and ſay to ourſelves: on this very road Vocula marched with his legions to give battle to the revolted Civilis—what a number of intereſting buſy ſcenes this conveys to an enlightened mind—to a mind that has had patience to glean ſome ſmall ſtore of information.

You ſeem thoughtful, Colonel, let me break the chain of your reverie, and communicate ſome little narrative of this ſingular people. — When Cerealis had the command of the Romans after Vocula, he publiſhed at the head of each legion in the camp, a particular decree, that no ſoldier ſhould reproach his companion with his revolt and defeat *.

" What a defeat we had at Lauffelt!— " I have juſt been thinking," ſays the Colonel, " if the Duke of Cumberland " had not been ſo vain-glorious of the " bravery of the Britiſh troops, we ſhould " have gained a compleat victory over " the French—had he but drawn on the " Allies"—Wherefore did they remain inactive?—we loſt many a brave Engliſhman

* ——— et edictum per manipulos, ne quis in certamine jurgiove ſeditionem aut cladem commilitoni objectaret.

TACIT. Hiſt. Lib. iv. §. lxxiii.

liſhman that day.—" I was there," ſays the Colonel—" we ſhall ſoon come to the " very ſpot itſelf—I know every inch of " the ground—I will ſhow you the diſpo- " ſition of our line—the attack of mar- " ſhal Saxe—he commanded in perſon " at a village on the hill, three miles from " Lauffelt.—I remember as well as if the " battle was fought but yeſterday, to " have ſeen the columns march down " from the village—but we ſhall ſoon be " on the ground—it lies between Ton- " gres and Maeſtricht."

Tongres! cried I—Tongres!—the very town of the Tungri—ſhall we paſs thro' Tongres?—I was ready to jump out of the Barouche;—then, Colonel, you find my conjectures are right.—I ſaid, we were on a Roman road.—Heavens! what pleaſant ſenſations! a thouſand delightful ideas ruſhed to my mind. Did I not ſay we ſhould ſoon diſcover a caſtrum?

—Why, Tongres is the old town of Atuatuca, the famus *municipium* of the Tungri—that this town, ſo famous in antiquity, did not occur to my mind before! How far are we from it? "From "Lauffelt? Why, from Lauffelt we are "a poſt and a half."—What are you thinking of, Colonel? I ſaid Tongres.—"I do not know," ſaid the Colonel.—Not know? it is the next ſtage; "but "I was thinking of ſomething elſe.—"What a ragged, ill appointed army the "Empreſs Queen had at that time! quite "different from the preſent appointment. "—I ſhall never forget what a beggarly "appearance they made at Lauffelt: beg-"garly in two ſenſes; for, if the Duke had "led them on for the ſupport of the Bri-"tiſh, by G—d, the day had been ours."

I ſaw three large barrows or tumuli at ſome diſtance from the road; I ordered the Barouche to ſtop, inſiſting on getting out

out to view them—the Colonel loſt his patience.—I told him, that we ſhould not paſs theſe ſacred depoſits of ſuch brave people, without offering ſome fugitive tribute to their manes.—He ſwore it would be dark before he reached Lauffelt, and then he would not have time to conduct me over the field.—'Shaw! never mind the paltry battle of Lauffelt; think on the Roman battles—when Cerialis led on the Langri and Treveri—and yet, methinks, ſays the Colonel, we loſt a great many brave fellows—" I ſaw the ground crimſoned over " with the trueſt and braveſt blood that " ever flowed from men, who ſacrificed " their lives for their country, and I have " ſeen more than one fight of the kind.—" A paltry battle! Why, Sir, we loſt ſome " thouſands of our honeſt countrymen " there; by G—d, if the Allies had en- " gaged, we ſhould have beat the Mon- " ſieurs—but you do not feel for theſe

" ſcenes."—Nay, this is too much.—What ſimplicity! I ſay, Colonel, Lauffelt was a trifling battle, when compared to the carnage in the wars of the Romans.

It was in vain to diſpute the point, for I ſaw the Colonel grow warm;—but, ſays, he, " What are all the battles we read " of in books, but fables, which the hiſto- " rian invents, to raiſe the reader's won- " der.—I do not believe half the battles I " read of, nor half the wonders that men " relate, unleſs I have them confirmed by " my own eyes:—now, as to the battle of " Lauffelt, I was there, and with my own " eyes I beheld it."—By Heavens! this was too much.—I never was ſo deſirous in my life for my favourite converſation on the Romans.—It was entirely out of my power to convince my companion in this argument—my bile was riſing high; and, I verily believe, I ſhould have burſt, if the ſight of a town, which I concluded

to

to be Tongres, had not diſſipated my anxious deſire to convince the Colonel of his ſtupidity.

Therefore, inſtead of beginning with that violent vociferation, which the inſult the Colonel had given to my ſixteen hundred years departed friends, had wound me up to; the fortunate ſight of a diſtant town, like a water ſpout on a volcano, awhile ſuſpended my rage.

Then, *geſwind*, ſays I to the German poſtillion. — But the German poſtillion not caring the value of his half-conſumed tobacco pipe's charge for Tongres, and all my enthuſiaſtic veneration for its antient ſplendour, beſtowed no extraordinary laſh on the plump buttocks of his Flanders mares.—I flung myſelf into the corner of the Barouche, bewailing my fate, in not having a companion to reliſh a Caſtrum, Tumulus and Roman road: and, the Colonel, on his part, I believe, was inwardly

wardly curſing my dilitanti frenzy, and boiling for a military enthuſiaſt to partake of his field of battle at Lauffelt.

A mutual ſilence took place — a thouſand reflections were paſſing in my mind on the ſubject of this diſcovery, and each reflection, alas! was nipped in its origin for the want of a friendly antiquary to paſs ſome genial comment on its juſtneſs. Not a ſingle word was I determined to ſpeak to the unparticipating Colonel.

My profound thoughtfulneſs increaſed —at times I was flattering my fancy with ſome curious diſcovery at Tongres; perhaps rummaging the inſide of an *hypogeum*, or hanging with greedy veneration over a fragment of ſome Roman pot; analyſing the compoſition of Roman cement; decyphering the inſcription of ſome corroded medal; gazing with all the

the feeveriſh enthuſiaſm of an enraptured virtuoſo over an urn, which my ſuggeſtive fancy, could argue to be the cinirary depoſit of ſome great man; perhaps, a Civilis; perhaps, a Vocula.—All gracious powers! thought I, in a few minutes I ſhall arrive at this delightful food for antiquity, and not have a brother partaker in my extacy, when I trace out the mouldering veſtigia of the walls.

Ye gods, goddeſſes, or genii! what e'er you be, or what claſs you hold! whether ye preſide over the foibles, frailties, or virtues of men; whether ye direct them through the ſtrange jumble of their exiſtence, and bend their minds to the occupation of certain thoughts, in preference to their many wild fancies, which gambol in their ſtrange imaginations; who e'er you be! whether in power eminent among the ſylphs that flutter provident to protect their puny ſubſtances;

ſubſtances; or elſe, of leſſer note, who watch the ſilly whimſies of their brains, great is the praiſe I offer you! Let me not tire your aerial patience, by offering up too many ebullitions of gratitude; but ſuffer me, with much meekneſs of ſpirit, to requeſt the rank and name of that benign genius, who dragged the torpid THOUGHT from darkneſs, and inſpired me with this pleaſing recollection.—I will raiſe an altar to his memory, after the Roman; and I will offer up as a ſacrifice, a thouſand conjectures on *tumuli*, *viæ*, *caſtra*, *municipia*, &c.

Happy, happy THOUGHT!—I will then, on my arrival at Tongres, make all diligent enquiry for an Abbé—Peace to thy perturbed ſpirit! peace!—An Abbé will be enlightened with claſſical lore, and the ſalt of his Attic knowledge may chance to give a freſh zeſt to thy favourite purſuit.

My

My blood reliquified, and the ſtream ran lympid through its ducts, impelling the ſpleen and bile into their ſalutary congenial courſes—the heart once more expanded, and chearful nature reaſſumed its wonted dwelling in my boſom.—I was turning to the Colonel to ſtrike on his darling ſtring of Lauffelt—to partake of his raptures—to humour his military guſto; to make him bleſſed, indeed! but ſleep had faſt ſealed his eye-lids.

" To the right about, turn — keep " your ranks—guarniſh your right—I " ſay, they will force us on the right " flank—its all ſham on the left."—No jolt could have been more unfortunate than this—it waked the Colonel from a repetition of his defeat at Lauffelt, and I was in the beſt poſſible mood to enjoy his military trance.

" A d——'d

"A d——'d ſhock, indeed! We are "all blown to the devil," cried the Colonel, juſt as we received the jolt, ſtaring about him wildly. You have been dreaming Colonel, of Lauffelt!— "I was, in good faith—eh gad! what a "d——'d jolt it was!—I thought we "had ſprung a mine.—Dreams, are "ſtrange things," ſaid this military veteran—"I never was more warmly en- "gaged in my life—I was in the midſt "of fire and ſmoke. P—x on the jolt, "I wiſh I had dreamt it out."

Pray, Colonel, what was the Engliſh force at Lauffelt?—The Colonel ſuddenly turned his head, darting on me one of thoſe cordial looks, which indicate an entire expanſion of the heart. I never ſaw a mortal diſcover ſuch ſilent ſatisfaction, joy hung pendant on the very tip of his tongue—a thouſand ſentences roſe tumultuous for utterance.—

The

The opening was made, and what column to march foremoſt was now his ſtudy. Alas! there was no arrangement, French and Engliſh came together, pelmel, full as much diſordered as in the battle of Lauffelt. I had no direct anſwer, ſo I e'en gave him all the free looſe to his ſtory, which he could poſſibly expect from a mortal who had been ſo ill uſed as I had been on a Roman road.

Many a time did he rouſe my attention by a nudge, or a pull by the ſleeve—what could he expect more, beſides my patience, than an *ay*—or ſolitary *hem?* What an unfortunate rencontre! had his battle of Lauffelt met any other thing in the courſe of our travels but a Roman road, and the town of Tongres; then, O then! thought I, your marchings, your counter marchings, your manœuvres, would have been felt, and attended to—unſociable heart that I have, not to participate

of

of a fellow creature's innocent foible.—"Zounds, Sir," cried the Colonel, (with ſuch an impetuous accent, and in ſo loud a voice, that, conſcious of not attending to his narrative, I thought his paſſion had got the better of his reaſon, and I was going to pay dear for my rudeneſs.)—"Zounds, Sir, what a glorious victory "we ſhould have gained, if the beg-"garly Allies had engaged."

Heavens be praiſed! I have reached the antient town of Tongres; and every old building I now caſt my eyes upon, is converted to the remains of ſome Roman *domicilium*.

It was morally impoſſible to contain myſelf any longer.—Now, Colonel, you ſee the famous town of Tongres—it had no effect—he was enumerating the regiments and commanders names who were employed in the battle.—

Then,

Then, confound me, if I ever mention the battle of Lauffelt again, was it to ſave your heart from burſting with choler or impatience.

It is a common ſaying, when a man is deſirous of finding the thing he is immediately in want of, that the ſaid thing is not to be found; or elſe takes him a plaguy long while in ſeeking after; the following incident will ſhow that there are exceptions to this rule.

No zealous Catholic, whoſe ſoul was on the brink of eternity, was ever more deſirous to ſee an Abbé, than I was at Tongres. — The very inſtant the Barouche ſtopped to change horſes, I enquired with a moſt rapid emphaſis for one: my enquiry was addreſſed to a little dry looking man, who was ſtanding cloſe to the carriage to reconnoitre our perſons; he was dreſſed in a reddiſh

brown coat, with ſhort powdered hair curled up tight round his neck.—I had no ſooner mentioned the word Abbé than a ſimilar impetuoſity ſprung up in his countenance.

"Monſieur wants an Abbé?" ſays he, making a half flexion of a bow.

Before I could put my enquiries into ſome form, I that inſtant perceived that I had addreſſed myſelf to the very being I was in ſearch after—for a blue binding above his ſtock, convinced me that he was the very man. He deſired to know my *buſineſs*; whether ſome religious office he had to perform—"a la "confeſſion peut être?" The very thing, ſaid I to the Abbé, ſmiling.

But my ſmile was too ironical to give weight to the anſwer.—The Abbé ſaid, he

he was willing to ſerve me, and once more deſired to know my buſineſs.

I prefaced my diſcourſe, by obſerving, that as perſons of his cloth, were in general poſſeſſed of liberal knowledge, and therefore informed of many particulars which eſcape the ignorant multitude, I preſumed to addreſs him on a ſubject which related to the old town of Tongres—here, I remember, he fixed a moſt penetrating look on me, and I am ſure, in three ſeconds of time, he diſtinctly ſurveyed the whole features of my face. To finiſh my preliminary chapter, and not to belye my firſt anſwer, I confeſſed to him, the great deſire I had to find a perſon, who had taſte enough for antiquity, to ſurvey the ſpot where the ancient town of Atuatuca ſtood.

" Aça," exclaimed the Abbé, drawling out the laſt ſyllable as long as the inflation of his lungs would permit him— " Monſieur eſt Amateur."

We ſhall not arrive at Lauffelt, cried the Colonel, if you dangle after that Jacobite-looking ſcoundrel — with a promiſe of only ſtaying till the horſes were put to, I prevailed on him to follow us.

The little Abbé, with the moſt eager and ſatisfactory look in the world, led us into a clean, but ſmall houſe, which we traverſed to his ſtudy; where, by books and looſe papers I ſaw lying on the table, I was well perſuaded he merited the compliment I had juſt paid to his learning.

And now, ſaid he, if Monſieur will have a little patience, I will ſhew him a few bagatelles — " ils ne ſont pas de " grandes

" grandes choſes ;" and he ſkipped out of the room, for he had left his keys in a coat pocket which he had pulled off the day before.

While he was abſent, whether by deſign or accident, there paſſed by the room door, a clean and pretty black eyed *griſette*, whom the Colonel ſoon eſpyed, and with an oath exclaimed, there's a piece of modern rarity, worth all your coins or Roman antiques, as you call them! If I had, continued he, all the curioſities in the world, I would freely part with them for a kiſs of the Parſon's maid. The Colonel bounced after her.

When the Abbé returned with his keys, I could well perceive by his looks, that he had ſeen the Colonel in confab with his maid; and, if my intuitive knowledge was not ill placed, (which,

by the bye, I think was not the caſe) he appeared rather diſconcerted on the occaſion.

He opened his cabinet—Juſt Heavens! what are the feelings of the Dilitanti!—urns, vaſes, lachrymatories, pateræ, fibulæ, coins, &c. &c. burſt on my enraptured ſight—it was richer to me than the Duke of Tuſcany's cabinet, or all the cabinets in the world—for I had been ſo pleaſingly wound up for it.

What delightful ſenſations! What ardent longings, any partial paſſion rivets in the ſoul of man! methinks it raiſes it to the very pinnacle of human happineſs—if this be the caſe, why ſhould I care for the little bickerings of the world, or how much it ridicules my judgment. —O world, laugh on!—I am ſupremely charmed in contemplating the beauties of a cockle-ſhell—and I maintain it, he

is

is the truly happy man, who can trifle life away in trifling things.

At that inſtant, I would not have changed ſtation with a king, an emperor, or a perpetual dictator of the whole univerſe, were I to have ſacrificed the delightful ſight which appeared before me.

A Julius Cæſar! with what avidity did I take the coin in my hand—O thou enlightened general! thou great ſucceſsful man!—how could ſuch univerſal ſhouts of praiſe, ſuch egregious glory, beſtowed on thy conduct, avoid impreſſing thee with ſuch vaſt ambition—yet, O great Cæſar! where was the man to be found, with a mind as ſound as thine, who could have borne thy honours with ſuch modeſt dignity? But thou waſt puniſhed for the means by which thou becameſt great. Thou hadſt butchered

multitudes; thou waſt butchered thyſelf. If thou hadſt acquired thy greatneſs by virtue alone,

> I would applaud thee to the very echo
> That ſhould applaud again;

but thou wert ſanguinarily great, and I lament not thy fall!

See! ſee! here is the *lituus*, or augur's crooked ſtaff, with which he quartered the heavens; the *vaſe*, the *aſperger*, and *ſimpulum*, or ladle, to pour the wine or ſacred liquor on the victim's head. The Abbé deemed me un eſprit fort, et grand amateur.

Now began my lecture on the coin—And let thy benign and tender patient ſpirit, Abbé, incline thee to this innocent foible—give me audit—cheriſh the harmleſs vanity, and I will humble myſelf

D

ſelf before thy little wanderings of temper, even with the religious meekneſs of brotherly love. Oh! eaſe my boſom of this irritating garulity, and I will be patient under the ſevereſt tortures which the longeſt ſtory in thy catalogue can poſſibly inflict on me—he did—he did hear me.

The diſcipline and religion of ſoothſayers, were brought to Rome from Etruria; Cicero ſays in his book De Divinatione, that their rites were highly venerated, and of ſuch great importance, that no buſineſs was performed in and out of the walls without auguration. The diſtinguiſhing honour and influence, attached to that ſacred office, were the means of transferring augural dignity to the emperors and firſt nobility of Rome, which may be proved by the coins of Cæſar; from whoſe example, Marcus Antonius and Lepidus embraced

ced the high prieſt-hood; and diſplayed the ſacred dignity of the office on their coins, by delineating the emblems of it.

I was in full career of diſcourſe, and the Abbé charmingly attentive, when, (a curſe on the eternal baffler of my extatic delirium!) the Colonel entered the room, panting, breathleſs, and ſwearing it would be dark before we reached Lauffelt—he ſoon routed ten thouſand legions of ideas on my favourite theme, and his diſcompoſed figure ſeemed to avert all favourable propenſity in this friendly antiquary. It was in vain to re-aſſume the ſubject.—The Abbé wiſhed the Colonel at the devil for two reaſons; firſt, for his abſence; and, ſecondly, for his barbarous want of conſideration for the fond intereſting buſineſs we were employed upon.

Helas!

Helas! cried my friendly participator in this world's trifles, "vous allés donc "partir," and you have not ſeen the old remains of Tongres—but I will, thought I to myſelf, in ſpite of this ſoldier, and his military frenzy; ſo bowing to the Colonel with an unapproximating politeneſs, I followed the Abbé and triumphed over his battle of Lauffelt. The Colonel had his choice to follow us, but he returned to the inn, foaming with indignation, becauſe I did not frame ſome delay and excuſe, to wave this antiquarian promenade.

MAESTRICHT.

AS we left Tongres the moon made her appearance, and ſhe promiſed ſufficient brightneſs to light us over the commemorable plains of Lauffelt. The Colonel's ſpirits roſe with the riſing of the planet; for he had been in a deſponding ſtate, leſt he ſhould be forced over his favourite field of Mars, by the darkneſs of the evening; and the locality of his military rhetorick, loſe that zeſt which the preſence of a companion might there give it. The gaiety of his humour could not be equalled by the youngeſt ſubaltern of the army. He ſung; and the burden of his ſongs was convivial humour and Engliſh proweſs: though the ſoul-melting power of their muſick was loſt in a vigorous and maſculine cadence, ſtill it produced the requiſite

ſite excellence to his fancy—'twas a roar of ſound health, good lungs, and true valour; and I joined in chorus with my companion.

The treaſures which I found in the company and cabinet of the Tongres Abbé awakened in me a perfect concordance with his military ſpirit—I encored his ſongs—the Colonel clapped me on my knee, and was humoured to the higheſt bent of his ſoul.—But, alas! how often, when we give the bowl its trueſt bias to arrive at the jack of ſucceſs, does the rub intervene, and a curſed obliquity diſappoint all our happineſs!

It was the good hock at Tongres, and the thoughts of walking over his favourite field of Lauffelt which revived the Colonel's ſpirits; but it was the ſmoothneſs of the road which abated their violence, and was gradually lulling his ſupreme

preme happineſs to reſt—the Colonel, as uſual, ſoon dropped aſleep—I followed his example.

On our entering the gates of Maeſtricht, the noiſe of the guard awakened us—the Colonel recollecting the irretrievable misfortune which had befallen him, made a ſhort pauſe; and drawing up the moſt formidable German oaths in battle array, attacked the blameleſs poſtillion: the victim of his revenge proved the omiſſion of orders to ſtop at the village of Lauffelt: but the more he averred his innocence, the more the Colonel grew indignant—in ſhort, he fell upon him with the brawny fiſts of a Broughtonian Engliſhman; and notwithſtanding mine, and the officer's of the guards interpoſition, he gave him a moſt ſevere Buckhorſe chaſtiſement.

The intemperate choler of the Colonel was ſomewhat eaſed by the blows which the

the Flemiſh poſtillion received; yet the man was not tame under the unmerited diſgrace — he inſtantaneouſly lodged a grievous and formal complaint with a magiſtrate of the place againſt the Colonel, who would, in all probability, have received a ſharp retaliation from the ſufferer, had not the Lieutenant of the Guard, from the great reſpect which is paid to officers of rank on the continent, been a mediator in the difference. Having paid a ducat as a cataplaſm, to cure the battered ribs of the innocent poſtillion, and invited the Lieutenant to ſpend the evening in his company, if the duty of his guard would permit him, the affair was compromiſed.

On my entering the houſe we put up at, I flew to pen, ink and paper—and ſuch was the reſtleſs ſtate of my antiquarian ſpirit, that for thee ****—thou ſpirit of the great Camden, did I begin the firſt lines of the following letter.

LET-

LETTER I.

MAESTRICHT.

I AM heartily glad of this opportunity of teſtifying my peculiar happineſs in having a friend like yourſelf, who has a taſte for antiquity, and whoſe boſom is at all times a ſanctuary for the foibles of a fellow creature—foibles,—wherefore foibles?—ſurely the name is unjuſtly applied.—Is not the world to blame, when it derides the purſuits of men which help to fill up the dreary vacuum of life, and conduct them ſmoothly thro' all its ſtrange meanders?

I grant that antiquity is an uſeleſs ſtudy, unleſs it tends to throw light on ages, from whence little or no information

tion has been handed down to us; unleſs it impreſſes ſome awful truth, illuſtrative of the virtues of paſt ages; a monument of their vices, or a record of their cuſtoms, which may ſerve the moderns as a model to imitate, or an example to ſteer clear of.

Wherefore ſhould we pore with wonder and immoderate regard over ſome antient remain, without reaſon for the pleaſure we feel? The mind may be amuſed; but this argues puerility. But when the laws, cuſtoms, virtues, and vices of remote ages, do conſtitute part of our ſtudies; when we ſelect thoſe materials from the ruins of vaſt empires, which point out to us thoſe errors which occaſioned their overthrow; when they thus become the awful monitors of a ſucceeding people; when by their fatal example they ſhow them how to eſtabliſh a more permanent exiſtence; when they amend their legiſlature, and confer that ſalutary

knowledge, which could not poſſibly be otherways attained; the veneration for antiquity becomes reſpectable and highly beneficial to ſociety.

The faculties of men are capable of expanſion; and they are fruitful in their inventions, but their lives are of too ſhort a period to bring their plans to perfection;—by ſelecting therefore the uſeful from antient veſtiga, they can in part make amends for the ſhortneſs of life, and produce to their companions in ſociety, the happy effects of their own induſtry, and the united labours of a once flouriſhing people—examples of virtue for the happineſs of the individual, and a combination of uſeful knowledge for the general welfare.

The reflecting antiquary when he views the dilapidated altar, recalls to his mind the ſane or depraved government of the Emperor to whoſe memory it was erected;

erected; he praiſes or condemns the moſt ſtriking paſſages in his life; and he endeavours by his example to amend his own heart, or to propagate to his brethren a ſpecies of knowledge to awaken their feelings as patriots, or to ſtimulate their actions as men.

Here a coin enables him to throw ſplendor on the hiſtoric page, or a variety of other reliques to correct the wandering ſpirit of a Geoffrey of Monmouth, and to tranſmit to the world thoſe data from whence truth and information may be drawn.

The mind of man is prone to the marvellous, and dwells with a ſecret pleaſure on things that are deeply concealed within the womb of time; hence ſome men are fond of courting dark and myſterious things, without other aids than the ſtrength of their own imaginations; of theſe, we may ſay with Plautus—

—— piſcari in aëre,
Venari autem rete jaculo in medio mari.

Simple and plain truth is not their reward; but in its ſtead, they array the inſubſtantial vapour they have caught in a plauſible form, which circulates abroad, bewildering the rigid enquirers after truth, and furniſhing matter of ridicule to leſs ſerious inveſtigators.

I have ſent you a plan and drawing of Atuatuca, or Aduatica, Tungrorum, or Tongres. The drawing repreſents the ruins of the walls. You muſt not rely on the accuracy, ſince my few hours grubbing on the ſpot would not admit of a Stukeley's preciſe inveſtigation, or the claſſical detail of a Whittaker's Mancunium.

Atuatuca derives its name from a caſtle *, which I conjecture from Cæſar's expreſſion,

* Id Caſtelli nomen eſt. Cæſ. Comm. § xxx. lib. vi.

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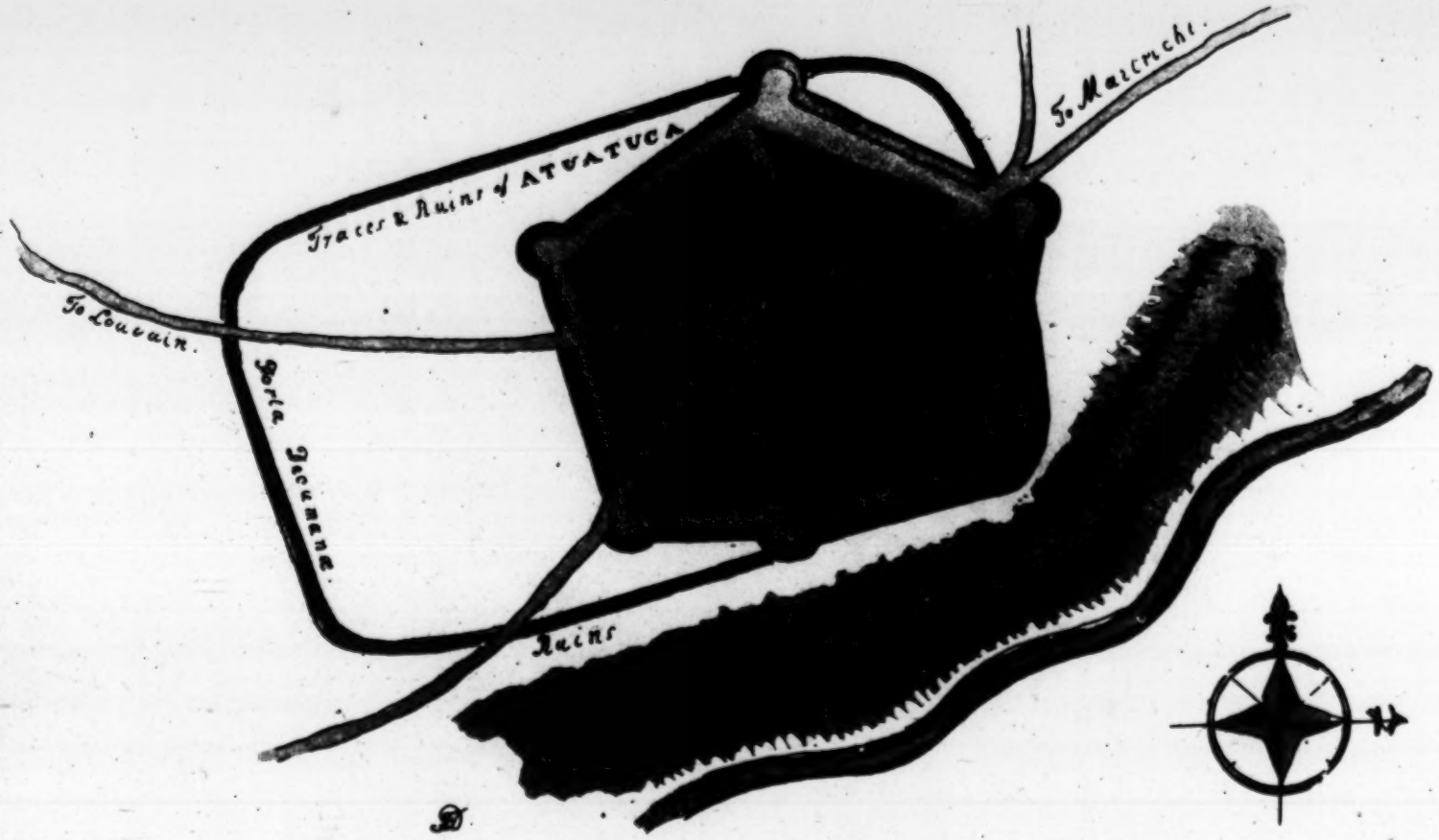
To Maestricht.
Traces & Ruins of ATUATUCA
To Louvain.
Porta Jecumanæ.
Ruins

BRITISH MUSEUM

preſſion, to have been built by the Tungri, or Eubrones, before Cæſar's conqueſt of that people; it is ſituated on the banks of the little river Jecker, about 10 miles W. from Maeſtricht, and as many to the N. W. from Liege. Like the ſtation at Mancheſter, Cheſterford, and Ivelcheſter, it ſeems to have had its angles rounded; as near as I could well judge by my eye, it concenters upwards of fifty acres of ground, and is of the parallelogrammic form. Vegetius deſcribes the nature of theſe works to be more beautiful, as they approach in their length to a third more than their breadth: Atuatuca, if my eye has not deceived me (for I had no time to meaſure it) greatly partakes of this property.

The Tungri were the firſt people who paſſed the Rhine *; and appeared to have

* Vid. Tacit.

been the braveſt among the Germans. The Roman army was abundantly recruited from them; and they ſerved in moſt of the territories of the empire. Several inſcriptions have been found in Britain commemorating the Tungrian cohorts.

Here it was that Cæſar conveyed his baggage when he attacked Ambiorix: his having choſen this place as a ſecurity for his *impedimenta* was on account of the perfect conditions of the fortifications—tum, quod ſuperioris anni munitiones integræ manebant.—Hence it appears, that this was one of the ſtrongeſt, though not the largeſt of his ſtative camps in this quarter.

In walking round the walls I could not avoid conſidering in which quarter the Decuman gate was ſituated, where the German horſe endeavoured to force; and where

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AA *Ruins of* ATUATUCA.

where that brave Roman P. Sextus Baculus, jumping out of a ſick bed, not having taſted meat for five days, poſted himſelf, and alone ſuſtained the enemies blows; till, by ſaving time, the garriſon recovered themſelves from the ſurprize, and mounting the rampart, made ſhew of defence *. A little Abbé, with all the ſalt of Piereſkius, who was my friendly Cicerone on this occaſion, rejoicing in the attempt, undertook to find it out. As he underſtood perfectly well the topography of the country, I acquired ſufficient information from him, to fix it at C— but, alas! this is all antiquarian conjecture.

Atuatuca was long in poſſeſſion of the Romans, and by the traces of its antient magnificence appears to have been a municipium. About a hundred years

* Cæſ. Comm. § xxxv. l. vi.

ſince, a temple of Hercules was diſcovered here, and the ſtatue found dilapidated ſome diſtance from it. Pliny ſays this town had a celebrated ſpring of a medicinal quality, and greatly beneficial in ſeveral diſeaſes *—but on this ſubject the learned diſagree—and on what ſubject do they not diſagree?—ſome fix this ſpring eight miles from hence, ſome at Aix la Chapelle †—if you wiſh to intereſt yourſelf more particularly in this matter, I ſhall refer you to Ludovico Guicciardino, who has written very elaborately on the ſubject.

If I were on the grand theatre of antiquity, where Imperial palaces lie in charming pictureſque ruins, mighty amphitheatres, temples, cirques, and other vaſt

* Lib. iii. cap. ii.

† Harduin, Pliny's commentator ſays, that the ſpring of Tungri is Aquæ Spandanæ, *Les eaux de Spa.*

vaſt piles of maſonry, ſo happily in decay, that antiquaries have a large field for conjecture and copious deſcription, I then could tower in my ſubject. With Horace and Virgil in my pocket, how plauſibly I might collate the ſeat of theſe amuſing Roman actions, and humbug my friends at home with. While I was big in deſcription, and painting in all the inventive grace of a connoiſſeur, with what rapture I could ſurvey thy exhilerated brow turn up in all the charms of credulous wonder. Italy! Italy! till then, my dear friend, you muſt vouchſafe to receive the little gleanings of my Flemiſh peregrinations, which I meet with in my road, like plebeian cheeſe parings, to the mellow rich core of noble Parmiſan,

By the bye, I ſhould have informed you in my laſt, that T———, whom I left at Bruxelles, has been hunting all over the

the town for Gruter's inſcriptions, which he forgot to bring with him. He is determined to return a profeſſed antiquary —his head is turned with Rome and Naples—always dreaming of Pompeia and Herculaneum; if his friend and patron invites him to ſupper with his opera wh—, and a circle of daſhing Engliſhmen, he probably anſwers, that he is engaged to ſup on an applicable verſe in his claſſics to ſome antient edifice on the *precipitant river Anio.* Theſe two people will never complete the grand tour in each other's company: when T—— is thinking of his common-place book, the great man will be praiſing the taper leg of an actreſs—conſequently, while one is under the grim and brown influence of Saturn, the other will be animated by the volatile ſpirit of Mercury—two oppoſite conſtellations; and when in conjunction portend ſome revolution in the ſtate.

Supper

Supper was ordered on the table, and I found the Colonel ſetting down to it in company with a Pruſſian Major. There was ſome combination in the acquiſition which he had made of this officer's company—for when he had returned to the inn at Tongres, and left me in company with the Abbé, he had ſeen a corporal and two recruits entering the houſe; and chatting with the corporal on divers military affairs, he found he was conducting his recruits to Maeſtricht, and his officer recruiting in the neighbourhood, and actually at the houſe we had put up at; which I now found was the reaſon why he had been particular in notifying it.

A diſh of military diſcourſe had been ſerved up before ſupper, which opened the Colonel's Character to the Major; who, I ſoon perceived, contrary to the ideas I entertained of a Brandenburg veteran,

teran, was a perfect gentleman, and man of the world — he was humouring my friend, the Colonel, in his Flanders hiſtories, and liſtening with ſeeming deference to the vile campaign tuition of his barbarous German.

There was a ſoldier's vanity too on the ſide of the Major, who, in his turn, marched the firm and ſteady Pruſſian line, down the hill at Roſbach, and giving the French on all ſides a regular fire by diviſions, with a vigorous emphaſis, extolled the Cæſarian valour and conſummate abilities of his king. The Colonel's egotiſm could avail nothing in this caſe—the war of forty in which he had ſerved, did not furniſh an event to eclat his own proweſs, or to throw a dazzling ſplendour on the arms of his fond, fond country. He had no hero whom he could honeſtly praiſe in the preſence of this experienced officer, and no commemorable

rable battle to ſound, againſt the din of Pruſſian emprize. The Colonel was therefore deſirous of changing the ſeat of war to another quarter, and thinking the Major had rather thrown out ſome oblique reflection againſt the inferior abilities of our generals, he had conceived ſome inimical ideas againſt him—for at the names of Duke of Cumberland, Ligonier, and Granby, he ſimply exclaimed, brave men, but no generals! This was commencing hoſtilities with the Colonel, whoſe patriot boſom glowed with indignation at the haughty ſuperiority he ſhowed for his king—he now bethought himſelf of ſome topic to leſſen the Major's triumph, and to enforce ſome reſpect to his country.

"Who put Sileſia into your hands?"—The conqueſts of my King, anſwered the Major—"that I deny; the Houſe of "Brandenburg muſt acknowledge ſome

"thanks

" thanks to England for not interpoſing " in the quarrel—we might otherwiſe " have turned the ſcale pretty ſharply " againſt you." By what means? replied the Major. " By granting a ſubſi- " dy to your poor enemies the Auſtrians." This part of the ſtory, continued the Major, I am not acquainted with—we are ſoldiers, not politicians, in our country —when we fight the battles of our ſovereign, we do not trouble our heads about the conteſt—we rejoice in his ſucceſſes, and leave the effeminate ſons of the cabinet, and the politicians of the age, to ſettle the rights of his poſſeſſions.— " Ay," replies the Colonel, " where was " his right? where was his claim? Poor " Auſtria was bubbled indeed!"

The Major by this time had found out the drift of the Colonel, who he plainly ſaw was mortified at his ſuperior ſoldierſhip, and had only fiſhed up this argument to vent ſome of his acrimony. He

ſmiled

ſmiled at his increaſing warmth, and kept up his ſuperiority over the Colonel, by marching immediately to the attack of Jablunka; he ſtormed and carried the fortreſs—ſaw the Auſtrians defeated at Molwitz, and the brave General Schuylemberg fall by his ſide—then forced the great paſs at Fryewalde—received a wound at Olmitz; and was witneſs to the army of his King gaining the bloody victory at Czaſlaw.

The Colonel was unwilling to renew the attack, for his battery was effectually ſilenced by the long liſt of battles which the Major had a fluent knack in reciting.

And wherefore is your King to be ſignalized above all the generals of the age? It was now my turn to queſtion the Major's haut ton, in favour of his Frederick. —This was giving the Colonel breath to rally his forces, and I thought it was, in ſome

ſome degree, incumbent on me, as an Engliſhman, to know the rights of his military aſcendency.—Sir, continued I, a Loudon has been at his heels, and a Daun has chaſtiſed him for his blunders—has he not faults in common with the reſt of men? "The very reaſon why I "revere him as a great man: or elſe I "ſhould adore him as a divinity," replied the Major.—"I know him to have great "errors contraſted with the moſt brilliant "virtues."—Virtues! name them—I never heard him called a virtuous King before.

The Major replied, "that he had "reſolution to ſhun the allurements of "Princely indolence—to ſtudy the wel-"fare of his kingdom—to brave the dan-"gers of a campaign—to be alert in his "duty, by which he ſets an example to "his army, and by that means conſti-"tutes the principal ſpring of its action "—theſe are virtues which have juſtly "ſtiled him the Great Frederick."

I anſwered

I anſwered that the allurements of princely indolence were intoxicating; that it required the greateſt efforts of human ability, to ſhun even a ſmall part of the poiſon; but that war might poſſibly be a much greater luxury to ſome Princes, than the idle eaſe of Royalty; for the ſelf mortification they ſubject themſelves to, is probably in their minds greatly overbalanced, by their dear gratification of glory, accumulated honours to their families, the retention of vaſt dominion, and an undiſputed monarchy, which the blind zeal of their ſubjects will be proud of maintaining. But where his virtue?—where his greatneſs? The Major in reply: "In the "conſequence of his continual ſtudy "to aggrandize his houſe, which he "cannot effect, but at the expence of "his eaſe of body, tranquillity of mind, "and the enjoyment of thoſe pleaſures, "which are calculated to alleviate man-

" kind, from the moſt potent ruler to " the moſt ſervile ſlave in his domi- " nions."—I underſtand you; you hint, that he has forſaken the charms of lovely women, and the dainties of Apician tables: perhaps he has forſaken the former for a variety of taſte, and the latter as a neceſſary preſervative of life: which your king may well be fond of, was it only for his apprehenſion of the doubtful diſpenſations in the other world—but they tell me there was a time of your ſovereign's life, when he enjoyed both the one and the other *. Where is his virtue? where his greatneſs? — " In the " conſequence of that abſtinence—I do " not enquire after the cauſe—I look to " the effects," replies the Major. What are the effects? " A great king; a great monarchy." Let us underſtand each other Major—at this rate we muſt only conſider the reſult of our actions, and dif-

* Vid. les matinés du Roy.

diſregard the motive they ſpring from. If the *means* are rejected from the balance of our conduct; ſucceſs then is virtue—ſucceſs you call greatneſs? The Pruſſian Major ſhook his head—what! this queſtion not to be defined? I grant you, 'tis puzzling—we are ſome of us doubtful as to the nature of good and evil—thank God, I am not the ſophiſt to argue down the moral conduct of men, and to juſtify the principles of their vices; therefore to my argument—You ſay your king is great, becauſe he has had reſolution to ſhun the luxurious invitations to ſupineneſs; pleaſed with the fame of great atchievements, he has extended his empire at the expence of his corporal conveniences—he has been expoſed to inclement ſeaſons, and fared roughly in his military career—he has drawn his ſword in battle, and expoſed his body to the random ſhot of the enemy. The huntſman in purſuit of his game, will toil and

exhauſt himſelf through fatigue—he will deſpiſe the inviting eaſe of his couch, and laugh at the nipping froſt of the early morn—he will defy the formidable tuſk of the wounded boar, and rejoice in the dangers of his victory over the animal. 'Tis the paſſion for the chace that expoſes the huntſman to danger—'tis the paſſion for war that has driven your king into the field from the effeminate pleaſures of his throne. Cæſar delighted in war and commotion, to flatter his ambition—Vitellius was a glutton—Nero was cruel—but Veſpaſian was only great and virtuous. I grant that each may be great in his particular paſſion; if the exceſs of ambition, gluttony, and cruelty, may be called greatneſs. But forbear to ſay that your king has greatneſs and virtue, becauſe he has a dazzling reputation which awes the world. What if he can put an hundred thouſand men in motion, with the facility of a puppet-man, move them

them into this quarter, and tranſport them into the other, and draw upon him the ſurprize of all Europe by his art. —What more—than that your king has a *penchant* for Tactics. A prince ſtarts up and takes advantage, like a Cyrus or an Alexander, of an age juſt eſcaping from barbariſm, and adds new conquered dominions to his throne, by the ſecrets of his ſcience in war.—Let the houſe of Brandenburg recede to its primitive inferiority, your king may in vain attempt to adorn its eſcutcheon—he muſt ſtill be content with the original honours of his family—his neighbours will have learnt the fineſſe of war as well as himſelf. But if your king is only great, becauſe his ſubjects tremble at his nod, then the tyrant of Syracuſe was truly great, becauſe he was feared—give me ſome ſtriking example of his virtue—let me hear that his ſubjects are not oppreſſed—that his breaſt is open to the

cries of humanity; that his whole life is dedicated to the happineſs of his people, and not to the precarious greatneſs of his name, which a ſmall commotion in his kingdom would effectually eraſe. — I will then hear your king praiſed, and I will rejoice in the name of a Frederick—but, methinks, 'tis ſtrange, that the world will call thoſe men great which it ſtands in dread of—'tis mean; 'tis paltry—for a king to purchaſe his title to greatneſs on theſe terms.

I believe the Major was not diſpleaſed with my comments on his king's greatneſs; yet he pleaſantly waved the ſubject, and with much good nature endeavoured to amuſe me, by the following inſtance of his ſovereign's generoſity.

THE

THE PHARO TABLE AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

SOME years ago a ſtranger dreſſed in a plain citizen's attire, took his ſeat at the Pharo Table at Aix-la-Chapelle, when the bank was proclaimed more than commonly rich. After having ſome little time engaged in the common play of the table, he challenged the bank, and toſſed his pocket book to the banker, that he might not queſtion his faculties of payment in caſe he loſt. The banker ſurprized at the boldneſs of the adventurer, and no leſs ſo at his ordinary ap-

pearance, at firſt heſitated to accept of the challenge; but on opening the book, and ſeeing bills to a prodigious amount, and on the ſtranger's ſternly and repeatedly inſiſting on his compliance with the laws of the game, with much reluctance he prepared the cards for the great event. The ſurprize was naturally great, and all eyes attentive to the trembling hands of the affrighted banker, who, while the ſtranger ſat unruffled and unconcerned, turned up the card which decided his ruin and the other's ſucceſs. The table of courſe was immediately broken up, and the ſtranger in triumph, with perfect coolneſs and ſerenity of features, turned to a perſon who ſtood at his elbow, to whom he gave orders for the charge of the money. "Heavens!" exclaimed an old infirm officer in the Auſtrian ſervice, and who had ſat next to him at the table, "if "I had the twentieth part of your ſuc-

"ceſs

" ceſs this night, I ſhould be the hap-
" pieſt man in the univerſe." If thou wouldſt be this happy man, replied the ſtranger briſkly, then thou ſhalt have it, and without waiting his reply diſappeared from the room. Some little time afterwards the entrance of a ſervant aſtoniſhed the company, as much with the extraordinary generoſity of the ſtranger, as with his peculiar good fortune, by preſenting the Auſtrian officer with the twentieth part of the Pharo bank; " Take this, Sir," ſays the ſervant, " my " maſter requires no anſwer," and he ſuddenly left him without exchanging any other words.

The next morning it was rumoured at Aix-la-Chapelle, that the King of Pruſſia had entered the town in diſguiſe; and on the recollection of his perſon, the town ſoon recogniſed him to be the ſucceſsful ſtranger at the Pharo table.

When

When the Major had finiſhed his ſtory, he roſe to leave the room — the corporal had arrived with his recruits; but there was ſome ceremony required before he could preſent himſelf before the corporal; for ſuch was the unrelaxed nature of Pruſſian diſcipline, even in minutiæ of this kind, that he deliberately equipped himſelf with his ſword, hat and cane— the neceſſary impoſing accoutrements of a Pruſſian officer, to create trepidation and awe among the inferior ranks of the army. The door of the room ſtood open, and he ſallied forth with a proud creſted gravity to hear the corporal's buſineſs.

The well-drilled non-commiſſioned officer, had previouſly taken care to adjuſt his figure as he thought to the Major's approbation; and having taken a perfect, exact, and immoveable attitude, he ſmartly brought

brought his hat to his ſide with the ſame kind of motion as he handles his fire-lock; and moving only his lips to deliver in his report, he pauſed for his officer's reply, with the huſh of profound ſtilneſs, ſcarcely breathing, and ſcarcely moving an eyelaſh.

By this time, the Colonel had recovered from the overthrow which the Major had given him, on the ſcore of his military pretenſions; and as we often acquire confidence in the abilities of thoſe who have triumphed over us in any particular eſſay of our talents; ſo the Colonel was taught to reſpect the ſuperior military ſkill of the Major. The honour of his country had been long fermenting within his honeſt, yet too irritable boſom — England, dear England! was now his theme—'twas the ſoul of the man, and he would have given an empire to have found ſome foreigner,

to

to have acknowledged his country's ſuperior excellence over all the world, and that his iſland was the only eminently favoured region in the whole univerſe.

The Major retook his ſeat, and now the Colonel being more collected in his manner, was deſirous of hearing the Major's ſentiments on the Engliſh army; and though he ſeemed to attend to his remarks with deference, yet his ſoul was motived by the ardent glow of ſound patriotiſm, — nothing could diſcomfit the ſtubborn integrity of his heart, on the opinion of his country, being the only favoured one under heaven. Had the Colonel the advantage of language — had he the well-learnt phraſeology of an Engliſh news paper to batter his opponent with, and had he a fellow country man to enter the liſts with—Gods, what would be his triumph of ſucceſs! — enough would it have been for him to have

have talked out his ſtore of patriotiſm, and have heard the flowing ſentence from his own tongue—he would have diſregarded the eloquent, and convicting oppoſition of a body of ſenators, and marched off perfectly ſatisfied with the powers of his oratory, and the unrefuted nature of his argument.

" In what eſtimation is our army " held by the gentlemen of your ſer- " vice?" We reſpect the natural bravery of your ſoldiers, and we have admired the deliberate courage of your generals on ſome occaſions, anſwered the Major. The Colonel, with a ſmile of ſatisfaction, raiſed the glaſs to his lips. " Yes," ſays he, " my countrymen " have made no deſpicable figure on " the continent — our great Duke of " Marlborough drove the French to " the very gates of their capital, by the " force of his arms." By force of money,

Sir,

Sir, anſwered the Major. "But you "will allow him to have been a great "general?" Very true; and if riches conſtitute great generals, your country ſhould have the firſt in all Europe; but what neceſſity is there for your having enlightened generals, when you have money enough to purchaſe your victories, without throwing your military knowledge into the ſcale? The Major was unwilling to ſay that England was famous for generals, and the Colonel would ſtill inſiſt, that ſhe could boaſt of the greateſt in the univerſe.—"Not ſkilled, Sir, in military "knowledge?" I am ſorry to ſay, Sir, replied the Major, that your commanders have ſhewn, even in my memory, that they are entirely ignorant of the word *combination* in an army.—When your generals conquer, they conquer alone by the bravery of their men.—"What the "devil elſe ſhould they conquer by!" replied

replied the Colonel, ſomething elated. By ſkill, Sir; by the ſtudy of that terrific name, the *great ſcale of war:* we laugh at the word bravery. When our generals beat an enemy, they do not conquer by chance, or the bravery of their troops, but by the mechanical power of their art. 'Tis true, your men ſtand in the point blank direction of a cannon ball by a conſtitutional firmneſs. We do not trouble our heads with ſtamina, we compel them to ſtand firm by the ſeverity of our diſcipline. "Then, I preſume, the "greateſt coward in your army is as "good a ſoldier as the braveſt."—We have no cowards, we all fight—every man of us.—Our men have no opportunities to diſcover this quality; they are taught to ſhow their bravery, like the handling of their arms, at the word of command—they *muſt* obey.—When men are trained like ours; when they are taught to fight by the ſame kind of power,

as

as the clock is actuated when it ſtrikes the hour by the mechanical conſtruction of its wheels; we do not then talk of bravery, but *diſcipline*. The will has nothing to do in this caſe—bravery implies an act of volition, now our ſoldiers fight againſt their will.—" Ha!—ha!—ha!"—the Colonel roared again, ſaying, " he " believed he ſpoke the truth."

The Major had obſerved that practice would make a man brave, and that by growing familiar with danger, the timid diſpoſitions of men would become indifferent to the diſtreſſes of war: here, he gulped a ſigh, repleniſhed his glaſs, clinck'd with the Colonel. " Come, Sir," ſays he, " let us change the diſcourſe to ſome " other topic—we have both embraced " a profeſſion, that, in ſpite of my long " ſervices, ſtill ſhocks my feelings, when " I reflect upon its calamities. What " happineſs that in your country, your

" youth

youth can be trained to ſuch a variety of profeſſions; we alas! are born under the influence of this national misfortune, and ſent to the camp before our years can impreſs a ſound reflection on our minds, to judge of the fatal diſaſters which it inflicts on us. Would we could live without it!

This was a doctrine, I had little ſuſpected would have iſſued from a German officer. Would we could live without it, Sir, ſays I, repeating his words; but I fear the hearts of men are too corrupt for its ſuppreſſion; and till human beings grow more amicable and gentle with each other, we muſt ſtill be under the influence of ſuch a diabolical ſcourge.

"Alas! Sir," he anſwered, "you "would, indeed, have cauſe to curſe "this frenzy of human beings, if you "knew the wretched diſtreſs my pro-

" feſſion has plunged me in." I replied, that I felt greatly for every man, whoſe tenderneſs of diſpoſition made him conſider the profeſſion of a ſoldier in the true, yet lamentable light that he did.— " Feeling, Sir," ſays he— " feeling — a " ſoldier ſhould have no feeling;" and he fixed on me the moſt pathetic look of manly diſtreſs that my eyes could ever behold. — " I loſt, Sir," ſays he, " a " dearly loved and only ſon, by the ten- " derneſs of his feelings—but I grow ga- " rulous—old men have a pleaſure in " reciting their misfortunes;—my poor " boy!" A tear — a tear ſtood ready to burſt from his eye — curſe on that pride of nature! thought I — a curſe on that affected ſtiffneſs of our ſouls, that will not ſuffer us to vent the tender effuſion of our griefs! The Major repelled the pearly tribute for his ſon's loſs; while my good friend, the Colonel, once more clinck'd his glaſs with

with him, in teſtimony of his heart-felt ſympathy for his misfortune.

The Major was warm to relate this anecdote of his ſon, and I urged him to the following recital.

FATAL EFFECTS of a SENSIBLE HEART in a young PRUSSIAN Officer.

MY Son was an enſign in a regiment in which I ranked as captain — we had ſerved two campaigns together, and I was pleaſed with the marks of a cool and ſenſible courage, which I had noted in him; and which, on ſeveral occaſions, promiſed the moſt flattering hopes, of his becoming one day an ornament to his family—his heart was naturally generous and tender—this virtue endeared me to him; but I trembled for its effects—it might, I thought, ſhake his fortitude in the trying ſcenes of the miſerable ſpectacles of war, and poſſibly ſuppreſs the enterpriſing ſpirit of youth; a quality

a quality ſo eſſential for raiſing the fortune of a ſoldier, and the neceſſary embelliſhment to his character.

I was ſhocked when I reflected on the only means which were left me to overcome this great ſenſibility. Oftentimes, when his overflowing compaſſionate heart would vent itſelf in a burſt of ſorrow for the unfortunate, I had recourſe to the ſophiſtry of argument to paint theſe objects of his reflections in different colours to his imagination; and while I was reproving him with his unmanly weakneſs, I could have claſped him to my boſom for the melting tenderneſs of his nature. I ſeemed ſo ſenſible of the alarming effects of this too amiable quality; eſpecially over the mind of a young ſoldier, that I frequently, though with utter repugnance, conducted him to the trying ſcenes of ſuffering criminals, and tried frequent meaſures to familiarize his mind

with the diſaſterous events which life is too often imbittered with.

Some little time after the affair of Schweidnitz, our army had burnt and ſacked a ſmall village of the Auſtrians — it was our chance of duty to be ſent to this place. When the general confuſion of the day had ſubſided, and ſome order reſtored among the troops, we made an excurſion round the village to view the effects of this cataſtrophe. On our approach to the ruins of a once clean and neat houſe, we were ſuddenly ſhocked by the approach of an old woman—the genius of extreme wretchedneſs ſeemed faithfully portrayed in her ghaſtly countenance — ſhe flung herſelf upon her knees, and in a ſhrill voice of deſperation, imprecated the moſt direful curſes on our heads—" If," ſays ſhe, " you call yourſelves men " and not ſavages, of unequalled bru-

" tality,

" tality, either kill me inſtantly on the " ſpot, and end my extreme ſufferings; " or, O! let me have help to ſearch " for the remains of my children." I tenderly exhorted her to calm herſelf—that ſhe might expect from me every aſſiſtance; and ſtaying with her 'till my Son had returned with a few ſoldiers, I learnt, that on the alarm of the ſudden approach of our troops to the village, the unreſtrained diſorder, which was naturally to be expected from them, had forced her ſon and daughter, with two grand children, to ſeek ſhelter in a cellar of the houſe; which houſe, ſharing the ſame fate with the reſt, was ſoon pillaged and ſet on fire—that ſhe herſelf had fled ſome little way into the country, and had retired from the danger of the enemy; in hopes, that in caſe of diſcovery, her age might ſecure her from that fate, which her grand-children, two young women, in the bloom of life,

might otherwiſe be expoſed to—that their father, who was a notary of the place, with his wife, had reſolved on ſtaying with the children in their concealment.

When my Son returned with the ſoldiers, the old woman ſhowed us the ſpot where we ſhould ſearch for this poor devoted family. We had not been long at work among the ruins, when we broke into the cellar whither the family had fled — here a ſcene preſented itſelf, that would have turned a monarch's heart from the fell tide of war, which brings ſuch deſolation and horror in its courſe.

Claſped in each other's arms, lay two beautiful ſiſters; and their father and mother by their ſide, ſuffocated by the ſmoke. While the old woman with horrid yells was bewailing the loſs of her

her unfortunate children — kiſſing the bodies, and frantic with grief — my Son ſtood with folded arms, muſing over this melancholy ſpectacle — I ſolicited him to leave the place—I urged him to withdraw from ſo affecting a ſcene—ſtern did he turn his eyes upon me, and ſeemed petrified to the ſpot—In vain did I reaſon on the neceſſary conſequences of war—and conjured him to view this accident as a partial evil committed for the general good—that it was no premeditated cruelty, but one of thoſe caſual misfortunes—which not only follows in the train of military tranſactions—but that even the civil tranſactions of life are oftentimes chequered with them. — Where is your reaſon, your manhood, my boy? Shall a ſoldier view this ſight, overcome with weak womaniſh feelings? — For ſhame! for ſhame!

ſhame!—all men, in the courſe of their lives, muſt make up their minds to calamities like theſe—'tis what we are born to endure ſome time or other—away!—your countrymen will ridicule your want of firmneſs; and the laurels, which you have hitherto acquired in the ſervice, will only ſerve to point you out, as a more conſpicuous inſtance of effeminacy.

I found my arguments had no weight with him—I took him by the arm to draw him gently from this diſtreſſing ſight, when he flung himſelf from me, and exclaimed, pointing to the youngeſt of the girls, whoſe tongue, from the convulſive gaſps of death, hung from her mouth.—"Behold this unparalleled "butchery of my countrymen!—will "not the wrath of heaven revenge this "outrage to humanity—cruel—cruel

"Pruſ-

" Pruſſians, you are bloody indeed!—
" accurſed profeſſion! — hell only has
" invented thee! — from this inſtant I
" abjure thee.—I will not return to theſe
" hounds of blood—I will fly to the de-
" ſarts for ever, and hide my face from
" ſuch monſters of inhumanity — with
more ſuch wild epithets as theſe.—He concluded with—" ſee there! my father" —pointing again to the dead bodies— and he burſt into a flood of tears.

The Major now chafed his forehead with his hand, pulled his handkerchief from his pocket, then taking two large pinches of ſnuff, giving his body a twiſt at the ſame time, he drove back the riſing ſadneſs of a parent.

It required ſome force to bear my Son from this calamitous ſcene, continued the Major; and ſo ſtrong was the impreſſion made on his mind, by ruminating

nating upon it, that a fixed melancholy ſeemed to have taken an entire poſſeſſion of him.—I contrived pleaſures for his recreation, and ſought every method to root out this ſtrong affection from his mind; but his imagination was too ſtrongly impreſſed with it; and ſuch was the extreme delicacy and tenderneſs of his feelings, that I was deſtined to ſee this only child ſeized with a violent fever, and to hear him in the paroxyſms of his diſtemper rave in the moſt wild, yet pathetic language, on this event, which deprived him of his ſenſes. Some little time before he expired, he had faſhioned one of the young women into his wife; and ſtarting up in bed, curſing the war which had ſnatched her away from him, he fixed his eyes ghaſtly upon me, which I readily tranſlated into a remonſtrance for being the author of his unhappy malady, and fell back in a ſwoon, from which he never recovered.

Though

Though the Colonel a few minutes before, was ready to dare the Major to the field of Mars, for the little eſtimation in which the Pruſſian army held the military part of his country, all the indignation of a patriot had fled his boſom, and the moſt melting look of condolance for the Major's misfortune, ſeemed to ſeal his eternal forgiveneſs.

FINIS.

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